LOS ANGELES SUNDAY TIMES.

VOL. X---NO. 53. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1886.—SIX-PAGE EDITION. FIVE CENTS.

THE WEATHER.

LOCAL BULLETIN.

LOS ANGELES SIGNAL OFFICE, July 31.—At 4:07 a. m. to-day the thermometer registered 67; at 12:07 p. m. 81, and at 7:07 p. m. 68 Barometer for corresponding periods, 29.78 29.80, 29.78. Maximum temperature, 85.0; minimum, 56.0. Weather at 7:07 p. m., cloudy.

The Times.

Office—Temple, Main and New High.

THE Flagstaff telegram was a boomerang.

THE California *cavallo* still goes to the fore.

LISZT, probably the greatest composer of his day, is dead.

SAN FRANCISCO charges visitors from ten to thirty-five dollars to look at the Grand Army parade from a window.

THE President yesterday vetoed the bill granting a pension to Jenny T. Dew. It was another of the many things he ought to dew, but doesn't.

TEXAS is expectorating on her athletic fists. If Uncle Sam doesn't turn up the saucy *muchacho Mejicano* and spank him, Texas will—and her palm will be heavy.

THE direful dynamiter is abroad in the land, and pops away at church and shop with cheerful impartiality. The dynamiter should be loaded with his own stuff, and put where an army mule could touch him off.

THE dispatches report the world's record beaten on one-hundred-yard dashes by a record of nine and four-fifths seconds. Geo. Seward made the world's record in nine and a quarter seconds, forty-two years ago. Ten seconds is nothing uncommon.

THERE is no intention at Washington that the Collectorship at Wilmington shall blow away. General "Dad" Brierly anchored it down beyond a peradventure; and now that his offensive partisanship leads the conscientious Cleveland to evict him, Supervisor Geo. Hinds will be planted on the place like an official thousand of brick.

The full list of the Grand Army visitors, printed in yesterday's TIMES, caused a demand for the paper which speedily obliterated a pile of several hundred extras. The list will be republished in a special edition, with such corrections and additions as shall be sent in to-day, and will be ready on Monday afternoon. It will also be on sale in San Francisco. Order it.

THE next annual reunion of the Twenty-third Ohio Veteran Volunteers will be held at Lakeside, Ohio, on the 18th, 19th and 20th of this month. It is promised to be the best reunion of any ever held by the gallant old regiment. Gen. R. B. Hayes is President, and Gen. J. M. Comly is Vice-President of the association. The circular announcement (a copy of which the TIMES acknowledges the receipt of through Corresponding Secretary Ben Killam) says: "The great feature of the reunion (worth the full price of admission) will be the absence of that annoyance so common at soldiers' reunions generally, viz., orations and impromptu speeches prepared for the occasion. The constitution of the association prohibits it." The regiment's old brass band, twenty-five strong, has been reorganized, and will be present.

THERE is instruction in the comparison of figures as regards the business of the Recorder's office in Los Angeles and San Francisco respectively. The real-estate conveyances in this city for July aggregated close upon three millions of dollars. The Frisco figures are not at hand as to this item, but from others it may be inferred that they are not so large. According to the last report of the San Francisco Recorder, the fees of his office for the year ending June 30, were $37,361. The fees of the Los Angeles Recorder for July—our "dull month"—were $4,663.10, an average of $55,957.20 per year. It is notorious, with those who are posted as to the facts, that the business of the San Francisco office falls much short of the Los Angeles figure. According to the San Francisco Recorder's report, the expenses of his office average 83 per cent. of the receipts. In this county they average about 30 per cent. The world do move, and the most protubsrant portion of it is Los Angeles.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE MODJESKA SEASON.—Mme. Helena Modjeska will make her first appearance in Los Angeles to-morrow evening, and during the week will present a selection of what are said to be her best impersonations, including "Rosalind," in Shakespere's *As You Like It;* "Adrienne" in *Adrienne Lecouvreur;* "Donna Diana," in the Spanish comedy of that name; "Mary Stuart," the heroine of Schiller's great tragedy; also as the Lady of the Camelias, as invented by Dumas, *fils;* and finally in another play, the name of which is not yet announced, but which some of the lady's admirers hope will be her latest novelty, *Nadjesda*, though some would much rather see her in another of her Shakesperean characters, and would prefer the comedy of *Twelfth Night* to the gloomy tragedy of the new play.

The coming of Mme. Modjeska marks an epoch in the theatrical annals of Los Angeles, and it is evident that there is a strong desire to see her, as the sale of seats is already larger than that for any other previous attraction since the Opera House was built. Our people will require no urging to be present on the occasion of Modjeska's advent here.

A Correction.

J. Van Horne, a member of Frank Bartlett Post, Grand Army of the Republic, who resides at 826 Temple street, wishes it to be understood that he is not the J. W. Van Horne arrested on Friday for being drunk and disorderly. The man who gave that name at the police office, where it is recorded in the police blotter, is a G. A. R. man, too, and he gave a false name, for which he might possibly not be blamed. But it was a very dishonorable act on his part to give that of a comrade, who does not get drunk. His real name could not be learned last night, but he lives at the northeast corner of Bellevue avenue and Pearl street, and is a carpenter by trade.

Accidental Shooting.

Charles Gollmer, one of the proprietors of the Eintracht saloon, met, last Wednesday night, with a distressing accident, which will lay him up for some time. He was trying to lead home his brother John, who had become intoxicated, and found it necessary to seat him on a doorstep for rest while on the road. The brother, in his silly condition, pulled out his pistol, which he started to twirl around his finger, with the result of pulling the trigger and shooting Charles through the fleshy part of the thigh.

CAPSIZED.

A Yacht Wrecked off Sandy Hook.

SIX LADIES DROWNED IN THE CABIN.

Agonizing Scenes and Incidents of the Disaster — Sad Ending of a Pleasure Trip.

Associated Press Dispatches to The Times.

HIGHLANDS, N. J., July 31.—Intelligence is received that a schooner yacht from Philadelphia upset near the Government dock at Sandy Hook during the storm last evening. Six ladies and a young man were drowned. The body of one person was recovered. The others are supposed to be in the cabin of the yacht. Seven of the yacht's party were found clinging to the rigging after she capsized. They were rescued by a tug. The name of the yacht was the Sarah Craig. There was a pleasure party on board, bound from Philadelphia for New York. Nine men were saved.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—The pleasure party on the ill-fated yacht Sarah Craig, left this city Tuesday, the 27th, for an eleven days' run along the Atlantic Coast as far as Newport, T. M. Stevens, his wife, two daughters and a few of their friends, arranged for the trip, but Stevens, who is manager of the Mutual Aid Association, was unable to get off at the last moment on account of an unexpected press of business. The Craig was hired by the party, upon the representation of friends that she was a staunch craft and her master a thorough sailor.

A LATER ACCOUNT.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The party on the Sarah Craig comprised the following: Joseph W. Jordan, head of the real estate department of the Girard Life and Trust Company; Morris Buckley, Pennsylvania Railroad telegraph operator, a son of Marcellus Buckley of the firm of Southworth, Buckley & Co., of that city; Chester Clark, Pennsylvania Railroad telegraph operator; Alfred Potter, paying teller of the Commonwealth Bank; J. H. Stevens and wife and their two daughters, Miss Mary Stevens and Mrs. H. A. Askin; Frank Hall, Misses Bessie and Emma Merritt; Miss Maude Retteweed and Miss Jessie McClure. On the vessel were also two colored male cooks, Capt. E. A. Ruland, Mate C. Ferguson, Stewart L. Bowman, with seamen Sam Jones and W. W. Parrish. Mrs. Askin expected to meet her husband in this city to-day. The party left the Spruce street wharf, Philadelphia, Tuesday morning, in the schooner. At Atlantic City Miss Jessie McClure left the schooner on account of sea-sickness. The vessel was just outside of Sandy Hook Friday evening when the storm broke. The captain took in his foresail at once, and furled it. The ladies went below when the storm began, and were much frightened. The captain endeavored to beat up into the bay, but at 6:30 p. m., when about 600 yards below Sandy Hook buoy, a terrible squall struck the devoted vessel and she was forced completely over on her beam ends, throwing those on deck into the water. The schooner filled very rapidly, but was kept afloat by her sails and the air imprisoned in the cabin. The passengers and crew in the water reached for the boat and clung desperately to the planks. The occupants of the cabin were still alive.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

The imprisoned ladies, in heartrending tones, screamed and piteously begged for help. Their anguished friends were helpless, and could do nothing to save them. One of the young ladies reached up to the window, which was under water, and one of the men caught her hand, but it slipped, leaving one of her rings in his hand. She fell back, and was not seen again. The others were in a part where the air kept the water down. Their agonizing cries continued for awhile, and then all was still. Some perished by suffocating, for their faces, when found, were black as from choking. Others held on to the sides of the cabin as long as they could, and then let go to drown. A pilot in a skiff came out and saved the other passengers and the crew. Three tugs came out to the wreck, but nothing could be done to save the unfortunates in the cabin. One of the tugs tried to tow in the wreck to the Government wharf at Sandy Hook, but it was 5 a. m. when they reached the wharf. The work of raising then began. While it was proceeding, the body of Mrs. Stevens floated out of the cabin, and was secured.

After the wreck of the schooner was partially raised Capt. Gully began diving for bodies. He was three hours in the water, and recovered all the bodies but that of Miss Retteweed. That could not be found. It is supposed that it has floated under one of the berths. Coroner Van Wort, of Long Branch, then took charge of the bodies, and with an undertaker went to Long Branch. The grief of the saved passengers was terrible. Stevens was heartbroken in the loss of his wife and two daughters at once. None of the party could speak of their terrible calamity without breaking down. The remains of the ladies and of Mrs. Clark will be sent to Philadelphia to-morrow.

The names of the dead are Mrs. Cora E. Askin, aged 24 years; Mrs. T. Stevens, aged 55; Miss Mamie Stevens, aged 21; Emma Merritt, aged 21; Chester Clark, aged 21; Miss Maude E. Retteweed, aged 17. The body of Rebecca Merritt, aged 22, was not recovered.

TEXAS AROUSED.

The Governor Says the State Will Protects Its Citizens.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 31.—Governor Ireland, having been advised of the surrender and execution of Francisco Rasures, telegraphed to Lynn, the American Consul at Piedras Negras, for particulars, and has received a telegram reviewing the case and giving full particulars of the affair. The Governor has written Secretary of State Bayard a letter, in which he indorses Lynn's telegram. The Governor pronounces the execution a "most foul murder," and characterizes it as "but a repetition of insults and outrages committed upon American citizens by the people and authorities on the right bank of the Rio Grande." Governor Ireland says that if the Federal Government does not do something Texas will act in this matter.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., July 31.—The Democratic Congressional Convention to-day adopted resolutions calling on President Cleveland to take immediate action in the Cutting case, and also for the punishment of the officials concerned in the murder of Rasures near Piedras Niegras.

XLIX CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The Senate took up Mr. Hoar's resolution (from the Library Committee) for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of and a plan for celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the Constitution, and the four hundredth of the discovery of America.

After debate the resolution was modified at the suggestion of Mr. Hawley, so as to direct a committee of seven, of whom one shall be the presiding officer of the Senate, to consider the expediency of properly celebrating at the capital of the Republic these two illustrious anniversaries, and if said celebration be deemed expedient, to report on the method, cost and general plan thereof at the next session of Congress. The resolution was adopted—yeas, 41; nays, 12.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, favorable to the ratification of the Nicaragua treaty, was called up by Mr. Edmunds, and after a brief discussion was postponed till December.

The select committee on the proposed celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Constitution in 1889, and the four hundredth of the discovery of America in 1892, was announced. It consists of Messrs Sherman, Hoar, Sewell, Hawley, Voorhees, Gorman and Eustis.

The conference committee on surplus resolutions was also announced as Messrs. Allison, Aldrich and Brent.

House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—In the House Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported a joint resolution extending until the 10th of August the provisions of the joint resolution providing temporarily for expenditures of the Government. He asked for its immediate consideration, but Mr. Hiscock objected, and the resolution was not received.

Mr. Payson, of Illinois, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the Alien Landlord bill. It provides that no non-resident alien or foreigner, nor non-resident alien or foreigner who has not declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, nor any corporation or association whereof at most one-tenth of its stock or right of property is owned or controlled by aliens or foreigners, shall acquire or own, hold or possess by right of title or descent accruing hereafter, any real estate in the Territories of the United States; provided that the provisions of this act shall not apply to real estate necessary for the construction and operation of any railroad.

The bill passed—yeas, 209; nays, 6.

On motion of Mr. Morrison, the Senate amendment to the surplus resolution was non-concurred in, and a conference was ordered.

DYNAMITE.

Another Attempted Outrage at Chicago Fails.

CHICAGO, July 31.—A member of the firm of Gibbs & Malum, on entering his store at 270 West Erie street, this morning, found on the floor, ten feet from the door, a large dynamite bomb. The fuse had been lighted, but in falling it had struck on end and put out the fuse. It is composed of about a foot of highly polished brass pipe, an inch in diameter, and at one end is a wooden plug, into which is driven a number of nails. An inch from this end are wrapped several thicknesses of oil soaked flannel. At the other end is the fuse. Malum cannot account for the attempt to destroy his place.

A CHURCH BLOWN UP.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 31.—This morning a tremendous explosion, the shock of which was distinctly felt in this city, occurred at St. Clair, two miles distant. Dynamite had been placed under the Baptist Church and exploded, wrecking the building and entailing damage to the amount of several hundred dollars. The perpetrators have not been discovered, but the act is universally regarded as the result of the crusade of the Law and Order Society, through whose efforts Daniel Walker, an old and respected citizen, was recently imprisoned for a technical violation of the liquor law, and who died in a short time, his death being attributed to his imprisonment. Some six months ago the store of an active member of the society was blown up; and the excitement and bad blood occasioned by that demonstration has been raised to a fever heat by subsequent events, resulting in this morning's outrage.

NATIONAL NOTES.

Beecher's Son not yet Confirmed—Wilmington's Collectorship.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, July 31.—The nomination of Capt. Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, to be Collector of Customs of Port Townsend, W. T., was brought up in the Senate to-day. Senators Dolph and Mitchell made long speeches against his confirmation. Senators Hawley and Evarts defended him. The case was postponed till Monday.

REFUSED TO CONCUR.

The House has refused—yeas, 102; nays, 135—to agree to the conference report on the River and Harbor bill.

NOMINATED.

The President to-day nominated A. C. Bradford to be Register of the Land Office at San Francisco, and Geo. Hinds to be Collector of Customs for the District of Wilmington, Cal.

ANOTHER VETO.

The President to-day vetoed the act granting a pension to Jenny T. Dew.

CONFIRMED.

The Senate to-day confirmed the nomination of Surveyor Tinnin of San Francisco.

The Stolen Mail Pouch.

PITTSBURG, July 31.—One of the postal clerks, who runs between Pittsburg and New York, says the postal clerk who signed for the stolen pouch, of which mention was made in yesterday's dispatches, was not Ferald, but Fiedler. He is a Bohemian, and lives at Terre Haute, Ind. The pouch contained seventy-one registered packages, nearly all of them from foreign countries. It is difficult to estimate the exact amount in the pouch. It may be only $1000 or it may reach as high as the figures published, which put the value at $100,000. The Inspectors have informed Fiedler that if it is not received within a certain time he will have to pay for its contents.

A Prize Fighter Shot.

VALLEJO, July 31.—Last evening in front of Music Hall, on Georgia street, John Shaughnessy, a prize fighter of local repute, was shot by Sergeant Adams, of the United States steamer Ranger, in self-defense, Shaughnessy having assaulted him. The ball entered the small of his back and lodged in the stomach. His life is despaired of. Adams surrendered himself to an officer, and is now in jail. He is a member of Farragut Post, and shortly before the unfortunate affair had been drilling with his post, preparatory to attending the Encampment.

A Model Colorado Jury.

DENVER, Col., July 31.—The Tribune-Republican's Gunnison special says: In the District Court this afternoon Frank Mason, charged with murder, who has been on trial for one week, was acquitted by the jury, after being out one hour. It appears that the murdered man called Mason the usual Western pet name. The jury decided that a fellow who called another such a name deserved killing on general principles.

Death of Judge Griffith.

JACKSON, Cal., July 31.—S. W. Griffith, Superior Judge of this county, died here to-day.

PACIFIC COAST.

More About Southern Pacific's Extension.

THE COMING GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT

Chinese Opium Smugglers Come to Grief—More Delegates Chosen for California Republican Convention.

Associated Press Dispatches to the Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—Creed Haymond, of the Southern Pacific railroad, states that the published report that the southern extension of the road would be constructed from San Miguel eastward into Kern county was incorrect. Maps covering such a route were filed some months ago, thus securing the right of way, but that this line will be built for years to come is improbable. It will simply be a branch line, and not part of the extension which is now being constructed under the name of the Southern Pacific Branch Railroad Company from San Miguel south through Santa Barbara and Newhall. The erroneous report arose from the hesitation of the company in deciding whether it would be better to run from Los Angeles to Newhall or directly to San Buenaventura. Maps for the former route have been filed, however, and work will be pushed forward.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, July 31.—A dispatch from Col. Charles F. Crocker states that the extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad from San Miguel, the present terminus, through this county at an early day is certain.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Intense Interest in the Coming Grand Army Encampment.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The demand for seats and windows to view Tuesday's procession of the G. A. R. is already very great, and is daily increasing. Extravagant prices are being asked and paid for the use of windows and balconies. Several large stands, which will accommodate altogether over 7000 spectators, are being erected along the line of march. Prices range from 50 cents to $3 for seats on these stands, and from $10 to $35 for windows and balconies.

DISSATISFIED ARTISANS.

At a meeting of the Federation of Trades last night, the Iron Moulders' Union withdrew in a body from the organization. Their principal reason was dissatisfaction with the rules and regulations of the federation.

OPIUM SMUGGLERS NEATLY CAUGHT.

On board the steamer City of Peking, which arrived here Wednesday from Hongkong, were a number of coolies en route for Panama. They were kept on board the Peking until to-day, when they and their baggage were transferred to the Panama steamer Granada. It was believed by the revenue officers that opium was concealed in their baggage, and as soon as it had been transferred to the Granada a search was made. The search was rewarded by the discovery of two trunks of prepared and two baskets of crude opium valued at about $5500. It has not been customary heretofore to search the baggage of coolies on the way to Panama, but a suspicion has prevailed for some time that smugglers have been in the habit of bringing opium to this port, having it transferred to the Panama steamer, and then, after the vessel has gotten some distance out, throwing it overboard, to be picked up by some vessel sent out for that purpose, and conveyed back to this port. The opium was seized because it was not entered in the ship's manifest.

POSTMASTER BACKUS COMPLIMENTED.

About two hundred clerks of the post-office gathered this evening in the newspaper mailing rooms, and Assistant Superintendent Cox, acting as the spokesman of his fellow-employés, made a eulogistic speech, addressed to Postmaster S. W. Backus. The latter replied appropriately, and Superintendent Dyer, of the mailing department, then presented a set of resolutions regretting the sundering of official ties soon to take place between themselves and Postmaster Backus, and expressing appreciation of his past kindness and consideration toward employés under all circumstances. The resolutions concluded by wishing him full success in all his future undertakings. He was then presented with a handsome placque as a souvenir of remembrance from all the clerks jointly. In the course of Postmaster Backus's remarks he stated that he would probably within a week have the pleasure of introducing to those present his successor, Dr. Bryan.

STATE POLITICS.

Delegates Chosen to the Republican State Convention.

EUREKA, Cal., July 31.—The Humboldt county Republican convention met to-day and appointed as delegates to the State convention J. W. Henderson, John Vance, A. Putnam, A. A. Hadley, C. F. Roberts, A. Brizard, H. O. Hansen, J. O. Bulger, J. H. G. Weaver and B. G. Hurlburt.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The Farwell Republican County Committee have elected W. H. L. Barnes as delegate-at-large to the Republican State Convention.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The Advisory Committee of the precinct and county Democracy met this evening, and, by a unanimous vote, resolved to report favorably on the plan of reorganization as proposed by the Democratic State Central Committee. This harmonizes all differences hitherto existing between the county Democracy and the Democratic State Central Committee.

SALINAS, Cal., July 31.—The Republican County Central Committee met to-day and unanimously appointed the following delegates to the State convention: John T. Porter, delegate-at-large, J. R. Hebbron, F. Doud, J. H. Brown, H. V. Morehouse, William R. Parker and S. J. Field. They go instructed to favor John F. Swift.

Death of Liszt—Foreign Notes.

PESTH, July 31.—Abbe Liszt died at midnight last night.

MADRID, July 31.—Señor Camacho, Minister of Finance, tendered his resignation to the Cortes to-day. Premier Sagasta read a royal decree suspending the sitting for the day.

LONDON, July 31.—The Welsh members of the House of Commons propose to form a national party in Parliament on the same lines as the Parnellite party.

The Mexican Revolutionists.

ST. LOUIS, July 31.—The Matamoras (Mex) correspondent of the Globe-Democrat telegraphs as follows: Ninety revolutionists yesterday captured Burgos, in the interior of Tamaulipas, seized all the arms and captured all the public funds. In a fight with troops the revolutionists were defeated with a loss of two killed.

Base Ball.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Kansas City, 23; Washington, 0.

NEW YORK, July 31.—New York, 3; Chicago, 2.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—Philadelphia, 3; Detroit, 6.

BOSTON, July 31.—Boston, 11; St. Louis, 1.

The Man Who Saved Their Lives.

It is learned that the man who saved the lives of two of his fellow passengers in the street-car accident of last Thursday is Frank Reynolds, a carpenter residing in East Los Angeles. Miss Dean and Mr. Spaulding owe him a debt of lasting gratitude, for he pulled them off the railroad track when the engine was almost upon them and a terrible death seemed inevitable.

Ben. B. Stamps, of 139 Georgia street, and C. E. McCurdy are also entitled to thanks for timely assistance.

SWEEPING THE STAKES.

California Horses Capture Three Races at Saratoga.

SARATOGA, July 31.—The fourth race to-day, one mile, was won by California's veteran, Jim Douglas. Time, 1:44.

The second race to-day, for the Spinaway stakes, two-year-old fillies, five-eighth of a mile, was won by Lucky Baldwin's Grisette. Time, 1:03¾.

Baldwin's great horse, Volante, captured the Saratoga cup, distance two and a quarter miles. Time, 4:25.

THE CHICAGO RACES.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Three-quarters of a mile—Littral won, Florimore second, Effie Hardy third. Time 1:15¾. Mutuals paid $47.50.

Mile—Sir Joseph won, Bob Swimms second, Dancing Kid third. Time 1:44¼. Mutuals paid $7.20.

Maiden stakes, one and one-eighths miles—Montana Regent won; Bob Fisher second; Wicklow third. Time, 1:56¼. Mutuals paid $15.50.

Mile heats: First heat—Billy Gilmore won; Effie H, second; John Sullivan, third. Time, 1:43½. Mutuals paid $6.60. Second heat—Billy Gilmore won; Effie H, second; John Sullivan, third. Time, 1:43. Mutuals paid $5.90.

Mile, hurdle—Guy won; Claude Brannon second; Rush Brook third. Time, 1:52¾.

SHERWOOD'S STEAL.

A Los Angeles Blik in Further Trouble.

D. M. Sherwood, who, by his pretended connection with the Evening Express of this city, has managed to make some dupes at San Diego, notably J. Chauncey Hayes and Francis H. Whaley, has been arrested at San Diego for getting away with a team from Stetsen & Little, of Colton. He told the stablemen on the 22d that he wanted the team for two days to go to San Jacinto with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Powell, of San Bernardino, but instead went back to San Diego, where he was arrested by Constable Earp on a warrant, with the team still in his possession.

BIG FIGURES.

The County Recorder's Business for One Month.

County Recorder Gibson furnishes the following summary of the business of his office for July. It is a remarkable exhibit. The conveyances numbered 1343, the considerations therefor aggregating $2,951,-130. There were 2075 documents of all kinds filed, and the fees for the month were $4,663.10—which is $800 ahead of the record of any previous month in the county's history.

Court Notes.

A. M. Elsworth comes up before Justice Ranney to-morrow, to be examined as to the latest edition of the Good Templar row.

The Chinese chicken thief who stole H. Ray's widow hen got twenty-five days in the county jail yesterday

Judge Cheney returns to duty to-morrow.

Herman Satler and Wolfgang Nigg were yesterday admitted to citizenship.

Mrs. Mary Ita Butler was yesterday committed to the insane asylum at Napa; and Juan D. Martinez to that at Stockton.

Judge Brunson will to-morrow hear Poggi vs. his creditors, and the following estates: J. W. Gillespie, Marley Minors, S. D. Smith, S. A. Sheffield, Juan O. Vega, W. H. Boomer, Mary G. Overman, McHugh, C. O. Squires, Packard, Bios, Tringle, Cruickshank, Keller, Weingarth.

A Quencher.

As soon as the alarm of fire was given yesterday, one of the men in the employ of the Besserer Fire Extinguisher went down to the scene of the conflagration, on Washington street, in a vehicle, with a Besserer Extinguisher, to combat the foe. The fire was already out when he arrived, but he had made faster time than the fire engines, being on the ground before them.

A New Plum.

S. J. Coleman, who lives at the mouth of the Verdugo cañon, presented the TIMES yesterday with a rare fruit—a Kelsea Japan plum. Some years ago Mr. Childs imported a dozen of these trees from Japan. Mr. Coleman's specimen is the only one of the twelve known to have distinguished itself as yet. It is three inches in length, nearly broken down with fruit. The fruit is extremely handsome, and admirable for the table or for canning.

Almost Drowned.

Robert Bettner, of Riverside, and Miss Cayeta Bandini were carried out by the undertow while bathing at Santa Monica yesterday afternoon, and came very near being drowned. Miss Bandini pluckily floated until a life-line was got to them, and she was pulled in. Mr. Bettner managing to swim ashore after her.

Look Out for Bugs.

Fruit Pest Inspector Mullard got some China-aster from a plant-peddler. It was covered with white scale in the secondary stage. He warns people not to buy plants or trees from irresponsible dealers.

BRIEFS.

A marriage license was issued yesterday to Jesus Duran and S. L. Cañedo.

The Historical Society of Southern California meets in the Council chamber to-morrow evening.

J. W. Russell reports that his horse was stolen from him yesterday. He has no identifying marks.

The necessary papers as to the new location of the postoffice have been signed by I. W. Hellman and his associates.

Filed in the Recorder's office yesterday: 57 deeds, 17 mortgages, 9 satisfactions, 2 marriage licenses and 8 miscellaneous papers.

The fire department was called out at 1:45 p. m. yesterday by a little blaze at the corner of San Pedro and Washington streets, but was unnamed, as it proved to be a false alarm.

John Bland and Arthur Foley languish in the county jail, for having assaulted each other with deadly weapons yesterday on Commercial street.

The observant notice a marked improvement in the city sidewalks. Upon notification from the police, the storekeepers are taking in their goods out of the way of foot passengers.

Robert Morris, alias Blind Bob, one of the greatest nuisances in Los Angeles, was so hilarious last night in the cooler, after being arrested, that he was "shower-bathed." It quieted him.

Judge J. G. Nichols, father-in-law of John S. Carr, got some of the small bones in his hand broken at Colton, on Friday, by the falling of his chair, which threw him to the ground.

The drum-corps of the Young Men's Republican Club, though just organized, is doing excellent work, and has been of much service in the Grand Army demonstrations of the last two days.

José Moreno and Antonio Ortega were arrested yesterday evening by Officer Lemon for fighting, on Los Angeles street. Their combined assets amounted to only 45 cents. They sleep in the jug.

M. Newmark, who was arrested and fined $5, yesterday, for obstructing the street and refusing to move on, threatened to "have the arresting officer's star removed within 24 hours"—for doing his duty.

James Denman and George Vandruff, charged with burglary, were brought yesterday evening from Santa Monica and lodged in the county jail. They will be examined by Justice Twicheli next Tuesday.

Railroad rates of fare take an upward jump all around to-day. Rates to the Missouri river will be $60 for first-class unlimited, $50 for limited, and $35 for emigrant—in place of $60, $35 and $25 respectively.

The M. S. Baker iron foundry on Second street is being torn down by degrees, and its contents are being transferred to the new and commodious foundry on Buena Vista street, nearly back of the Capital Mills. Work is being done in both establishments at present.

John McShea was knocked down by a certain Colonel last night at the corner of Second and Main, and the back of his head badly cut. When taken to the station for medical treatment, he wanted to fight, and was locked up. The bravery wasn't out of him yet when Dr. Baker came to bandage his head, and he wanted to fight the Doctor, too.

HELD

For the Murder of John Oldridge.

EXAMINATION OF IRA B. KILGORE

Damaging Evidence—A Damning Arraignment—Kilgore Remanded for Trial for Murder Without Bail.

Ira B. Kilgore's preliminary examination for the murder of John Oldridge, the 27th instant, took place before Justice Ranney yesterday at 10 o'clock. S. M. White appeared as associate counsel for the prosecution and J. R. Dupuy was associated with H. T. Gage for the defense. The prisoner's appearance was not materially changed from that which he presented at the Coroner's inquest, but he was slightly more nervous, though he remained perfectly impassible during the whole of the examination. Mr. Lnitweiler, the first witness, gave the same evidence as he had previously given at the inquest, adding, however, that if he had been aware of the fact that Kilgore carried the pistol, he would not have allowed him to take the message to the deceased.

The testimony of all the other witnesses, previously adduced at the Coroner's inquest, was not materially changed, except that E. P. Johnson added that the Sunday previous to the shooting Kilgore had met him on the street, and they went into a restaurant near the Grand Central Hotel and took dinner together; in the course of the conversation Kilgore said that he had been out riding in the morning and had his pistol with him and had been practicing shooting at small objects along the road, to see how quick he could shoot. He also showed witness a bullet that he said he had put into a ground squirrel.

In the afternoon the prosecution placed upon the stand Edwin Lemon, a blacksmith, of Requena street, who testified that he saw Kilgore a little after 8 o'clock, but before the shooting, talking for a few moments to Joseph Taylor, his blacksmith's helper, in front of the blacksmith shop. The defendant then left towards Wilmington street. Witness did not hear of the shooting till half an hour after.

W. H. McKeag, police officer, testified to the surrendering by the prisoner at the station. Kilgore said he had shot a man and wanted to give himself up; he did not know whether he had killed the man but guessed so. The officer identified the pistol.

Mrs. Mary Noriega, of 56 Wilmington street, has rented a room to the prisoner for the past five months. She saw him on the morning of the homicide at about 6:30 in the morning going out, but she did not see him come back that morning.

F. L. Noriega, son of the preceding witness, testified that he sat writing until half past nine, on the morning of the shooting, near the front window at his mother's house, covering the entrance, and did not see the defendant return.

Joseph Taylor, who works for E. Lemon in the blacksmith shop, saw Kilgore on the morning of the shooting and before the same occurred, seemingly coming from Luitweiler's. Did not pay any attention to the direction taken by Kilgore. Saw him come back soon after, returning to Luitweiler's.

The prosecution then rested and the defense offered no testimony. Neither side cared to argue the matter, nor the question of bail. Thereupon Justice Ranney held the defendant on the charge of murder in $5000 bail. This staggered Mr. Knox, but recovering from his surprise, he hastily went over to the bench and whispered to the Court (possibly the contents of Sec. 1720, which his Honor seemed to be ignorant of.) Then the deputy district attorney, having recovered his equanimity, returned to his seat and moved the Court to reconsider the order admitting defendant to bail. After argument the order was revoked, and the defendant remanded without bail.

H. T. Gage, counsel for the defense, then made a motion that the Court reconsider his order denying the defendant the privilege of bail, and argued, substantially, in support of his motion, that the defendant, if guilty at all, was only guilty of manslaughter, and that the killing was justifiable, for the reason that Kilgore, by his position in Luitweiler's establishment, should be considered in the light of a citizen in his home, who must not retreat when that is invaded for unlawful motives, but has a right to defend his rights. The defendant went to give orders in the name of his employer and was assaulted by the deceased, who advanced upon him. The way of retreat was open to the defendant, the prosecution says, but this the defense denies. It would have been suicidal for the defendant to have retreated at this stage of the affair, for the reason that Oldridge would have had Kilgore at his mercy in the stairway. Nothing could have prevented the deceased then from raining upon Kilgore heavy missiles of iron or other material, and have laid him out. The eloquent counsel grew pathetic at one part of his argument, and called Kilgore "the unfortunate defendant." He seemed to consider that the conduct of the deceased in allowing himself to be killed by "the unhappy defendant" was on a line with the series of outrageous provocations, from which Kilgore had suffered at the hands of Oldridge.

Deputy District Attorney Knox and Mr. White followed, opposing the motion, and though it is impossible here to give their separate speeches, the pith of what both said is here briefly condensed. The prosecution premised, from the uncontroverted evidence, adduced at the examination, that Kilgore, smarting under the blow received some two months before from the deceased, was seeking for an opportunity to revenge himself, and for that reason had bought a pistol. He had exercised with it, and reported to one of the witnesses that he was so expert at quick shooting, without taking aim, that he could kill a squirrel, and had done so by firing with a pistol from a buggy in the Verdugo Cañon. The opportunity for revenge sought by Kilgore did not come. The theory of the People is that he made the opportunity himself. After having sold Oldridge about the shafts and been verbally repelled, finding himself unarmed, he goes home on Wilmington street, fetches his weapon, and comes back. Then he sees Luitweiler and hastens to tell him of what Oldridge had said. He gets Luitweiler to send him again to the deceased, and excites him to an exhibition of temper by the insolence of his tone. He knew of the hate which Oldridge bore him and encourages its exhibition; and, as soon as the anger of Oldridge is exhibited by his throwing a putty-knife from a distance of fourteen feet, towards Kilgore, the latter has marked him out. Oldridge advances, and the man who can kill squirrels without taking aim pulls his gun. He says "Look out!" and shoots at the same time. The warning and the shot are simultaneous. The defendant was in no danger of great bodily harm. The utmost that would have happened was that he might get thrashed again if he did not retreat. But retreat was open to him, and he could have walled himself of it, if it had not been that he wished for no retreat, but had come upstairs, the second time, with the premeditation to kill the deceased if he could but draw him to do anything which would look as if retaliation was justifiable by reason of the danger he was exposed to by the acts of the deceased. If the testimony adduced at the preliminary examination is to be believed, the defendant should not be admitted to bail, and if on the other hand, it is not to be believed, that is a matter for the trial jury and not for the examing magistrate to decide, and the action of the jury should not be anticipated. There was no reason in the world to call the homicide of Oldridge a manslaughter. It was pure, premeditated murder, and none of the men who had been sentenced and executed in this county were more entitled to wear a hempen cravat than the prisoner Kilgore.

Mr. R. B. Dupuy closed in an eloquent appeal in favor of allowing the prisoner the privilege of giving bail, but the Court denied the motion, and the defendant was committed to jail, for trial, without bail.

Away ahead of all competition, as far the zenith is above the nadir, is the Great American Dye House of HORATIO MA TREN. No. 9 Also street.

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The establishment of Messrs. Off & Greer, No. 48 N. Main street, is growing very popular with our citizens. They have everything in the fancy and staple stationery line, Eastern papers, periodicals and magazines. Subscriptions are taken for leading periodicals at publishers' rates. The California department is complete in every respect.

The finest confectionery can be found here. Meister's celebrated ice-cream always on hand—the neatest ice-cream parlors for ladies in the city. French candies of every variety. Fresh caramels of the choicest selection. An epecurean will find everything replete with interest. It is complete in every detail. They are doing a very large business, in consequence of their excellent quality.

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Consult Mrs. Dr. Wells, whose specialty is diseases of women, and treatment entirely new. Prompt relief in female irregularities. Two hours each day devoted to electro, medicated and hot-air baths. Consultation free. 341 Spring street.

Great auction sale of carpets and furnitare of every description at Famous Auction House Saturday morning at 10 a. m. 202 S. Spring st.

Church Notices.

CHURCH OF THE UNITY, OPERA House.—At 11 a. m., subject of Dr. Fay's sermon: "Is the Average Life Worth Living?"

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fort and Second sts.—Rev. W. J. Chichester, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. during August by Rev. I. M. Condit. No evening service.

MAIN STREET M. E. CHURCH, corner of S. Main and Laurel streets.—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. I. L. Spencer. Morning sub ect: "The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Evening subject: "Best an Inheritance." Sunday-school at 2:30 p. m.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE HALL.—THE Christian Science Union meets every sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock for religious conference and Christian healing of the sick. Dr. A. P. Tussedell will deliver a discourse on "Science and Religion."

Special Notices.

☞ Notice.—I hereby warn all persons against contracting with any one in my name except myself personally. I will not be responsible for any debts contracted. S. GREJALVO, Los Angeles, August

LOS ANGELES DAILY TIMES.

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The Times.

SIX PAGES.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1886.

Los Angeles County Crops.

Through the courtesy of County Assessor Bilderrain, and from the estimates of the best local experts, the Times is enabled to present the following information as to the crops of the county:

The grain crop this year will be far in excess of last. The total yield of wheat for grain will be 25 to 50 per cent. greater this year than last; and of barley about 25 per cent. Last year the acreage of wheat for grain was 247,500 acres; this year shows an increase of 10 per cent., giving a total of 272,250 acres. This will average about 13 centals to the acre, giving a grand total of 9,539,250 centals. The amount out for hay will not figure.

In barley for grain, the total acreage this year is about 98,188 acres, an increase of 15 per cent over last year. It will average about 18 centals to the acre, giving a grand total of 1,767,384 centals. For hay, there are about 85,000 acres of barley, showing no increase over last year, as grass has been abundant.

In 1883 the total acreage in vines, for all purposes, was 20,000 acres, or about 20,000,000 vines. The total is now, at the lowest figure, ten per cent. greater. The only absolutely satisfactory fruit crop this year is grapes. This crop is twenty-five per cent. greater than last year. The increase of grapes for raisins has been phenomenal. Two years ago the output of raisins for the county was not over 60,000 to 70,000 boxes. This year it will not fall short of 300,000 boxes. Only improved varieties of vines are now planted in this county, and there is no market for the inferior kinds.

The total number of fruit trees in bearing in the county is as follows: Orange, 729,865, an increase of 2½ to 3 per cent over last year; lemon, 55,620, nearly the same as last year; olive, 4520, an increase of 10 per cent; apple, 82,950, an increase of 15 per cent; pear, 26,480, an increase of 5 per cent; peach, 47,010, an increase of 14 per cent; plum, 13,450, an increase of 25 per cent; apricot, 15,175, an increase of 8 per cent; quince, 3475, an increase of 3 per cent; fig, 4765, an increase of 18 per cent; prune, cherry and nectarine, not reported. The outlook for deciduous fruits is decidedly slim. Peaches, apples, pears and plums are almost *nil*. Apricots will make about a quarter crop. The cause assigned for this shortage is the warm spell in February, which seduced the sap under false pretenses, leaving it to be chilled and soured by subsequent cold weather. The crop of citrus fruit will be fair in quantity—about the same as for the season just past—and of superior quality.

A Place of Many Dangers.

San Fernando street, traversed by the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad and crossed by two street-car lines, is becoming, in these times of busy traffic, an veritable Scylla and Charybdis. Last Thursday a collision between an engine and a street car was averted by a mere hand's breadth, and, in the panic which arose among the passengers, two people were severely injured. Had it not been for the presence of mind and prompt action of a fellow-passenger, both of these unfortunates would have been crushed beneath the wheels of the oncoming train. The mere contemplation of such a calamity is sickening.

Yesterday, the experience of Thursday was almost duplicated. As one of the cars of the Central line was crossing the Southern Pacific track, the near approach of a train threw the passengers into a panic, and they jumped from the car. A lady received some injuries, how serious we are unable to learn. The engine was brought to a stop, it is said, not ten feet from the crossing car.

There was just such a panic about ten days ago, and how many others have occurred, without being reported, it is impossible to say.

If they are wise, the railroad and street car managers will be admonished by these repeated warnings and will adopt precautionary measures before some dreadful accident is precipitated. If they fail to consider the matter from the standpoint of humanity, they had better look at it in the light of possible damage suits to the amount of some hundreds of thousands of dollars. Let an engine once crash into a full street car and kill or maim a dozen people, and these managers will be certain to regret their dalliance with such a dangerous matter.

The fact is that altogether too much switching is done on San Fernando street. The Southern Pacific Company have an extensive yard further to the east, and they could extend it if necessary. Why should not the principal part of the switching be done in this yard rather than upon a public thoroughfare, which is traveled by one quarter of the people of the city every day? With the switching transferred to other tracks as much as possible, there would still remain enough danger on San Fernando street. To obviate this danger as much as possible, let the Southern Pacific Company and the two street-car companies unite in employing a flagman, who shall remain at this point of danger constantly during the hours of traffic. Let him be vested with full power to stop either a street-car or a railroad train at his signal, and let his actions be governed by a well established code of rules. In this way and in no other can public confidence be restored as to this crossing. If only a single accident is averted and a single life or limb saved, the compensation will be ample for the outlay.

It would be an act of grace for the railroad authorities to adopt some such precautionary method; but, if they fail to do so promptly, we advise the City Council to take the matter in hand and compel a due regard for the welfare of citizens.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

The Charleston (S. C.) News says that this is rather a critical time in South Carolina. Is it possible that those so long engaged in the election farce are getting tired of the diversion?

The talk about having ex-Senator Thurman take the place of Mr. Garland is premature. The Senator's son says that his father would not accept a place in the Cabinet.

The Atlanta, Ga., Constitution (Dem.) says that "it is now too late for the Attorney General to resign, so that both he and the Democratic party will have to accept the consequences of his connection with the Pan-Electric fraud."

Mr. Powderly disavows responsibility, on the part of the executive authorities of the Knights of Labor, for the hundreds of Knights of Labor petitions which have been sent to Congress in behalf of the Oklahoma boomers.

Henry George will accept the nomination for Mayor of New York on a socialistic-labor ticket, if it is decided to put such a ticket in the field. It is understood the Rev. R. Heber Newton and Rev. Father McGlynn will be among the leaders of the movement.

There is a good deal of talk about Gen. Butler being the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Lowell district. The Lowell Mail, in referring to the subject, says the matter is not talked of there, and that no one knows anything about what Gen. Butler proposes to do.

Harper's Weekly tells the President that if he believes that civil service reform is honestly carried out in the New York Custom House, it would be impossible to persuade him that it is disregarded anywhere, "and equally impossible to persuade the sincere friends of reform that he does not tolerate the most defiant and contemptuous conduct upon the part of his subordinates."

The Poet.

San Francisco Chronicle.]

"Ah!" breathed the poet, as he stood on the top of California-street hill and gazed upon the moon-lit bay and the deep blue Potrero. "Ah! what is all that money can buy to this glorious scene. Nature speaks in its multitudinous ways, and its beauty puts to shame the art and dazzle that coin creates. Look at that millionaire's palace with its marble walls."

I break in here to say that I don't know what palace he was alluding to. There are no marble walls around California street—unless it be in the hearts of some of its moneyed people. But poets are allowed to imagine things for effect.

"Those marble walls hide all that art of man can furnish. What is it all to this glorious view, the broad expanse of landscape with its tint of silver moonlight? What is money to him whose soul——"

There was a sudden pause. His glance had fallen on the pavement. Her gaze was rooted there. He leaned down and picked up something from the ground.

"It is a dime," he said; "let us go and have two beers."

The Noble Southron.

A dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., reports a novel scene there recently. The Sunday law having been rigidly enforced the day previous, the bibulous citizens who had not supplied themselves with a sufficient quantity of beer and liquor on Saturday night to last over the Sabbath were on hand early in the morning in an immense concourse, amounting to nearly a thousand, in front of the Kimball House, seeking an entrance, with pitchers, pails, coffee-pots, schooner tumblers and even fancy mantel vases—anything that would hold a quart of liquor, as that is the smallest quantity that can be legally sold. The scene was a grotesque one, including the aristocratic merchant, the mechanic, the laborer, and the outskirts of the crowd fringed with the colored race. The latter are not patrons of the bar, as the law prohibits the hotel from selling to them.

Progress of the United States.

In "Triumphant Democracy," a recent work by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a Scotchman by birth, and now an American manufacturer, the author gives many interesting facts showing the progress and prosperity of his adopted country. He states that, during last year 74,000 more tons of Bessemer steel were produced in the United States than in Great Britain; that more yards of carpet are made each year in Philadelphia and the vicinity than in all England, Wales and Scotland; that the school libraries alone in this country contain 12,000,000 more books than all the public libraries of Europe combined; and that all the State and city debts of the Union added together, rating them according to valuation of property, do not amount to one-fifth of the city debt of Manchester, Eng., or to one-tenth of the debt of Birmingham.

The Honey Crop.

San Diego Sun.]

Our commission merchants report increasing receipts of honey. That the crop will reach a large figure in the county is well assured. In certain of the northern counties reports are given out that the crop will be much below the average, if not, indeed, almost a failure. It may be that the honey men in those counties are following the example of the Delaware peach-growers, who, with an unvarying regularity as the coming of the seasons, proclaim the utter failure of the crop. As a matter of course it produces a tendency to boom the market to the benefit of the producer.

The Silent Aztec.

The silence of dead centuries
That lies unbroken on yonder hills,
Is his. These dreamful poppy seas
Wave on; he lists! His silence fills
The land. No lean, as if he heard
God speak through some still, gorgeous bird.

His babes shout; the golden morn
Strikes godlike on yon holy hill;
His wife and daughter grinding corn,
"Two women grinding at a mill."
O mystery! You sun of old
Was god, was god and ample gold.

Yon golden hills had flocks of snow;
These valley fields had far increase,
He saw his white sails fill and blow
By poppy isles in flower seas.
The wood dove sang for him his loves,
His harshest note the soft wood dove's.

The Spaniard's hand is laid upon
His fields, his flocks, hard, fast and tight.
But, oh! this glorious golden dawn,
The golden doors that close at night,
His gold-hued babes, her russet breast,
Are his! The world may have the rest.

—Joaquin Miller in Independent.

Brilliants.

Brook, happy brook, the merriest of our dells,
Go tripping with light foot adown the hill;
With lingering haste your winding water lead
By pebble beds and reeds, and fox-glove bells,
And find the cottage where my dear one dwells.

Ripple your sweetest ripple, sing the best
Of melodies you have; lull her to rest
With softer tales than many a brooklet tells.
Say, "One is sitting in your wood to-night,
O maiden rare, to catch a glimpse of you;
Or see your shadow, with the taper's light,
Fall on the little lawn and evening dew."
Brook, happy brook, I pray you lingering;
And underneath the rose-trimmed lattice sing.

—Thomas Aston.

MEXICO.

A More Than Delightful Place to Lodge

IN THE ANCIENT PUEBLO OF JORULLO,

But You Had Better Sleep With Your Clothes On—A Volcanic Visitation and Its Traditions.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

PATZCUARO, Mexico, July 25, 1886.—Jorullo is only twenty-four miles from Ario, a pleasant road leading to the hamlet of La Plaza, which lies at the base of the famous volcano. For several miles the country is gently rolling, dotted with fine groves of oak and pine; then a dense forest is reached, after which the path—suddenly become narrow and ragged—descends rapidly to the dreaded *tierra caliente*, or "hot country." Bananas and indigo plants grow wild here—the latter a bush about four feet high, with leaf resembling a fern; and fields of sugarcane are on every side. We pass several primitive sugar mills, where the cane is put into an ox-hide hopper and run through wooden rollers, the motive power being a yoke of oxen attached to a long shaft, as in a horse whim.

The village of Puerta de la Plaza is hardly extensive enough to deserve so high-sounding a name, for it contains only about a dozen cane-stalk huts, thatched with dried palm leaves. There is one adobe house of two stories, roofed with red tiles, the residence and "store" of Don Francisco de Vega, the inspector of polics and autocrat of the vicinage. The sophisticated traveler will secure a letter of introduction to this local magnate, or otherwise he will be obliged to "put up" at one of the native huts, as there is neither meson nor fonditor within many miles. The climate being here very dry and hot, dangerous reptiles and insects of all sorts abound, including scorpions, vipers, spiders and rattlesnakes. The oft-repeated advice to "shake your boots in the morning," may be improved upon by keeping them, and all your clothes, on during the night as some protection against poisonous vermin.

Notwithstanding its horrors, the tourist who wishes to visit Jorullo must pass the night here—but few can truthfully say that they *slept* at La Plaza, either at the residence of Señor de Vega or in one of the viper-infested huts. At the first glimmer of dawning (about 3:30 a. m. in this latitude) one should set out for the volcano, in order to reach the summit before the sun becomes too hot. The ascent of the mountain begins only about three miles distant, by a trail that leaves the main road leading to Acapulco and winds over a barren plateau covered with boulders of black scoriaceous basalt. Horses can be ridden to within half a mile of the summit, and a native guide can be hired for half a dollar.

Previous to the year 1759, as far back as the memory of man or his traditions extend, this now barren district of Jorullo (pronounced Hors-rod-yo) was one of the most beautiful and fertile portions of Michoacan—the very garden of Mexico. The nearest volcano (that of Colmia) has 120 miles away, and the quiet inhabitants, with their smiling farms and flower-embowered *casas*, had no thought of danger in the peaceful valley. Late in June of the above-mentioned year, subterranean noises began to be heard, which died away as suddenly and mysteriously as they came, but returned at frequent intervals. For three months this surprising phenomenon continued, greatly to the consternation of the simple inhabitants, who believed it to be the work of an angry God, brought about by the

MALEDICTIONS OF THE CAPUCHINS,

who had established a mission at the near-by hamlet of San Pedro, but had failed to receive hospitable treatment from the Indians. Accordingly the monks pronounced anthemas upon the valley, predicting that, unless the people embraced the faith of the Capuchins, their houses should be destroyed by flames that would issue from the earth, and that afterwards the air would become so cold that eternal ice and snow would take the place of perpetual summer. Whether the enraged monks really did hit upon such a remarkable prophecy, it is certain that a tradition of it still remains; and so much of this malediction has been realized that the natives of to-day already see in the gradual cooling of the new-born mountain a presage of Arctic coldness.

Through July and August of 1759 a succession of earthquakes, at irregular intervals, shook the earth so terribly that several times the inhabitants fled in consternation. But finally all remained quiet for several weeks, and the people resumed their usual avocations, believing that the curse of the Capuchins had spent its force. At exactly the point where the great volcano now stands was formerly a thick forest of guava trees, from whose delicious fruit the natives made and exported a sort of sweetmeat similar to the modern guava jelly. On that fatal 28th of September (nearly 130 years ago) all the laborers from the *canaverales*, sugar-cane fields of the rich Hacienda de San Pedro, which occupied all the near volcanic region, went out to gather the guava fruit. Returning to the haciendas at evening, they were astonished to find that their garat huts of woven straw were covered with ashes! Afterwards it was learned that fissures had already opened in what is now known as the *Mal Pais* (bad lands), at the foot of the high basaltic dome called El Cuiche, which threw out this volcanic sign before any changes had been observed to take place on the plain. So rapidly did the rain of black ashes increase, that before midnight the whole valley was covered to the depth of two feet; whereupon everybody fled to the hill of Aguasreo, a few miles distant, which rises to a height of 2500 feet above the former plain of Jorullo. From this elevation the horrified Indians beheld flames issuing from the bosom of their lately smiling plain, which now heaved and tossed like a raging sea, while huge masses of burning rock were hurled high in air. Through such clouds of ashes, illumined by volcanic fires, they beheld

THE BIRTH OF A MOUNTAIN.

Those who witnessed this phenomenon declare that suddenly the whole surface of the valley was seen to rise in the form of a dome, throwing out at the same time numerous smaller peaks and cones, some of them rising to an elevation of from 1900 to 1600 feet. Then in the midst of that blazing sea a huge, shapeless mass appeared—doubtless the present volcano, which has an altitude of 4267 feet above the level of the sea—and which the terror-stricken spectators likened unto a *castillo nigro*—"black castle." The flames were plainly seen from distant Patzcuaro, even the roofs of houses in Queritzo, 244 miles away, were covered with ashes, and the rivers of San Andres and Cuitumba, both streams of considerable size, sank with the burning mass, while a rivulet near La Plaza, suddenly became a mighty torrent, which threatened to inundate the town. I have been permitted to read a musty old letter, written at the time by a curate of the neighboring village to the Bishop of Michoacan, in which the good Father says that houses, churches and hospitals were ready to fall down from the weight of sand and ashes upon them, and adds: "The very people are so covered with volcanic dirt that they seem to have come out of some sepulchre." The eruption finished by killing all the trees, which were overthrown and buried beneath the vomitings of the volcano. For many miles around the roads and fields were thickly covered with sand and ashes, the crops destroyed, and the flocks perished for want of food and water, for no living thing could drink the pestilential streams of the mountains.

Baron von Humboldt considers the throwing up of these volcanoes in the midst of a peaceful country as one of the most extraordinary physical convulsions that ever occurred on the globe. When he visited Jorullo, in 1812, accompanied by M. Bonpland, the main mountain was still burning. He wrote a lengthy account of it in his journal; and we also find it minutely described both in the "Cosmos" and in his "Essai Politique sus le Nouville Espagne." From the above books (Otte & Valle's translation) many of the following facts have been gleaned. Before the great change took place the population of this valley was not large, though the district was exceptionally fertile, and the cultivation of indigo and cotton was not then carried on, as now, to a great extent. In all the series of earthquakes, and even in the culminating throe which brought forth the mountain, no human lives were lost, thought innumerable horses and cattle were killed, and houses were overturned as far away as Patronaro! It is stated that during the general nocturnal flight from Jorullo, the people forgot to remove a deaf and dumb negro slave. A mulatto had the humanity to return to his rescue; his was the only house found standing, and as the negro was kneeling, with a consecrated candle in his hand, before an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, his deliverance is ascribed solely to her miraculous powers.

According to native traditions, during the first days of the eruption the great masses of rock, scoria, sand and ashes were always combined with streams of muddy water. All the eye-witnesses affirm that before the terrible "black castle" made its appearance, the flat soil seemed to rise perpendicularly, and then the whole surface bubbled up in spots, so that *vexigones* ("blisters") appeared all over the valley. These inflated

"BLISTERS,"

of various sizes and mostly of a regular conical form, subsequently burst and threw boiling hot mud from their orifices, as well as scoriacious stony masses, which may still be found at great distances. Humboldt writes: "The roundish convex part of the elevated plain is 12,790 feet in diameter, so that its area is more than seven square miles. The true volcano of Jorullo, and five other volcanoes that rose simultaneously with it on the same fissure, are so situated that only a small portion of the *Malpais* lies east of them. Toward the west the number of *pornitas* —"little ovens," (the small eruptive cones or "blisters" above mentioned) is much larger; and when, in the early morning, I issued from the Indian huts of La Plaza and ascended the basaltic hill of Mirados, I saw the black volcano projecting most picturesquely, above which were columns of smoke from the "little ovens." * * * The many thousand *hornitos*, which cover this upper land surface uniformly rae on an average of four to nine feet high. Each of them is composed of basaltic spheres, with fragments separated like concentric shells. The balls are flattened with a somewhat spheroidal form, and are usually from 15 to 18 inches in diameter. The basaltic mass is penetrated by hot vapors and broken up with an earthy form, although the nucleus is of greater density; while the shells, when detached, exhibit yellow oxide of iron. Even the soft, loamy mass which unites the balls is, singularly enough, divided into curved *lamellae*, which wind through all the interstices of the balls. * * * The appellation of "ovens" is especially justified by the circumstance that in each of them the columns of smoke break out, not from the summit, but laterally. In the year 1780

CIGARS MIGHT BE LIGHTED

by fastening them to a stick and thrusting them in to a depth of two inches. In many places the air was still so heated in the vicinity of the Hornitos that it was necessary to turn away from one's proposed course; and, in the interior of most of them, we heard a rushing noise, like the fall of water. When Burhart visited the place, 24 years later, he found that none of the ovens were then smoking, their temperature, in most cases, being nearly that of the surrounding atmosphere, while many of them had lost all regularity of form by heavy rains and meteoric influences."

The main volcano of Jorullo is pear-shaped, and the outlet of its crater is on the north side. The cone is covered with loose black ashes, in which a few stunted bushes are growing, and its average slope is forty-five degrees. The traveler can easily make the circuit of the crater, which is only about six miles in circumference, its diameter from north to south being 500 yards; and he may even descend 500 feet to the bottom of the mouth of the volcano. A number of olefts and *fumaroles* are found in the edge of the crater, in which the mean temperature of escaping gas and sulphurous acid gas is 192 degrees Fahr. The border is fringed with the tallest grass I ever saw in Mexico, a few coarse ferns, and the native trees called *huisachi*, *tepejuaje* and *changuno*. It is said that deer are abundant in these strange solitudes, and that occasionally a *puma*, or mountain lion, is seen—but we found no trace of animal life, not even a bird or vagrant coyote. The rocks of Jorullo are not uniform in texture or composition, varying in color from black and red to grey and white. Bluish basalt, containing olivine, occurs near the bottom of the water, while whitish-grey trachyte forms the greater part of it—the latter rock traversed with a few small veins of sulphur. The inner walls slant rapidly and are covered with masses of *talus*, containing sharp fragments of red and black rocks. On the north side of the mountain is an immense stream of lava, of dark red color, owing to the oxidation of the iron in the rock, and looking like the slag of a furnace. Although no eruption has occurred here for more than a hundred years, the volcano is still in a semi active state, as shown by the heat of the crater walls, the emission of sulphurous gas and the frequency of earthquakes, all indicating that another stream of lava may flow from Jorullo at any time. In March of 1883 an earthquake was perceptible at Ario, and cracks were formed in the ground ten miles distant. Shocks are often felt as far away as Morelia—60 miles, and everybody has heard of the recent grand eruption of Colimas' volcano, 120 miles to the southward. The view from the summit of the burning mountain is magnificent, if the traveler is not too nervous to enjoy it. Westward, the Sierra Madres stretch away as far as the eye can reach, the colossal snow-capped volcano of Colunia bounding the horizon. On the other side, that picturesque mountain called "The Mansion of the Fathers," is conspicuous, with the grassy plain, forty-five miles wide, spread out before it. Looking northward, one sees the sugar-cane fields and banana groves of Tijamanil, whose bright verdure looks brighter, contrasted with the greater part of the desert landscape.

Not far away is the famous palm-tree hacienda of Jorullo—the largest of its kind in Mexico—which yields an income of not less than $10,000 per annum. The chief industry of the natives hereabouts consists in collecting the palm-leaves, cutting them into shreds, and taking the thin fibres for brooms, brushes, etc. The long strips of palm are folded over and packed in bundles, which are carried to Ario on the backs of men and donkeys.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Where Grant Died.

Troy Times.]

I passed several hours on Mount MacGregor to-day. The Drexel cottage remains almost literally as when General Grant died. There are the bed upon which the illustrious commander breathed his last; the favorite chair, his garments, including his dressing-gown, slippers, and hats, and even his medicines, cups, and the sponges with which he was wont to moisten his lips.

You are shown pens with which he wrote the latter portion of his book and quantities of paper cut in small sizes by means of which he was wont to carry on his share of conversation. A number of the beautiful flower-pieces, wrought in immortelles sent by the friends of the General, including the huge pillow from the Philadelphia Post, are also on view. All these relics are looked upon by the visitors in solemn silence. Some of them might with propriety be removed—notably the medicines and vessels. Outside the cottage all looks calm and beautiful.

JAYHAWKER.

The "Times'" Trenchant Correspondent Again.

THE POLITICAL STATUS UP NORTH.

The Special Session Schems Gone Dead Lame—Gubernatorial Graspers, and Matters of Current Comment.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30.—Senator Stanford has been heard from on the irrigation question, and the "old man" states his position practically and in the most positive terms. It is a little surprising that he acted so promptly in the matter, for the Stanfordian policy is, undoubtedly, never to do to morrow what he can put off until next week. His whole public and official life is evidence of his reversal of poor Richard's maxim, and as Mr. Stanford has invariably succeeded, while thousands have failed who acted hastily because the late Ben. Franklin ground out a series of saws which an enthusiastic but non-thinking constituency accepted as the very essence of wisdom. He uttered three; viz., "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day;" "Delays are dangerous," and "Three removes are as expensive as paying rent." Gov. Stanford has demonstrated that the first two are hog-wash, while thousands who have moved three or four times, would rather repeat the list than have a fire when they were not insured. If Benjamin Franklin lived to-day, he would advise travellers to take the gravel train if it came along this evening and the passenger train did not arrive until to-morrow. Ben's maxims might have been good enough for the time in which he lived, but they are impractical in these fast days.

It is evident that Haggin and Carr and other appropriators have acted on the Ben. Franklin maxim that "delays are dangerous," and "never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day," by their rushing into the special session and attempting to do in a few minutes the work that men of Stanford's stamp would have spent several years on. That the old Senator has been figuring on the reclamation of the desert lands in the San Joaquin and Kern valleys for a number of years, there is no doubt; but he has not yet decided as to what is absolutely the best plan.

I was informed by Mr. Huntington and Mr. Crocker some three months ago—what Gov. Stanford had told me two years ago—that the building of the Southern Pacific Railway from Lathrop to Sumner was projected originally with no other thought than the development of those two valleys; and that at that time the gentlemen controlling the railway enterprise were all engaged indirectly in urging some public plan of irrigation, through the medium of which all the lands in the two valleys would be placed upon an equal footing so far as the distribution of waters went.

These gentlemen also informed me that the most careful investigation of the subject, embracing all the public and private surveys, and surveys and examination made by the railway, had demonstrated that there was not sufficient water in the flowing streams to practically insure the irrigation of all of the territory in the dry seasons, and that extensive reservoirs would necessarily have to be constructed in order to insure a sufficient supply of water for all seasons.

No one doubts the financial ability of the railway syndicate to have raised sufficient funds to carry a project of this kind to completion; but it can be said, to the credit of these gentlemen, that they had the good sense to see that the people of California would not tolerate the control of these waters by any private concern, and as they were interested more in the development of that territory than any other single party of individuals, the railway people necessarily advocated the only policy which has ever had any reasonable show of general success. They are now working for local freights rather than revenues from sale of land, and the whole influence of this powerful corporation will therefore be found in this fight on the side of the small land-owners. Of course, they are building up the land-owner to-day, in order to tax him on freights to-morrow; but by the time tomorrow's freight comes on, the competing line of railway will stretch its length down these valleys, and prove itself the protector of the small farmers, who might otherwise be victims.

THE GUBERNATORIAL BATTLE.

A summing up of the fluctuations and changes in the gubernatorial market during the past ten days would indicate that all of the candidates on the Republican side have been doing a great deal of bracing up in what they supposed were their weak spots.

Right here is a good place to dispose of another of the old Ben Franklin maxims. Several of the candidates had read in Ben's almanac that "the early bird catches the worm," and they started after the worm about the dark of the clock, and have been giving it a very active chase ever since. In fact, the worm has been so long advised of their coming that it knows how to wiggle about and escape their clutches. It has distanced these gentlemen so far that it now has sufficient leisure to look around and see if it can find some available candidate which it can chase.

It is pretty evident now that the situation has so changed that instead of the candidate for Governor being made before the convention meets, he will be made by that body when it meets in session.

At one time within the past month, it seemed as though it would be the field against Reed, Thea Reed dropped out, and Hartson came to the front; but the Chancellor, being a shrewd politician, has managed to allow his name to drop out of sight in a great many quarters where he thought it might develop antagonisms, and it is quite difficult to make an estimate of what his strength is to-day.

The surprising support given to Dimond in the strong Republican counties in the southern portion of the State has probably been based upon the belief that he can get more votes at the polls in San Francisco than any other candidate thus far mentioned.

Two years ago, 7000 former Democrrts voted the Republican ticket; but there is no evidence that these people, who constitute the real balance of power in State politics, have any devotion or loyalty to the Republican party, and those votes can only be expected for the Republicans in case the party nominates some man for whom they have a personal admiration, as was the case in the Blaine campaign.

The Democratic managers, those who are interested in party success, have followed the plan of the Republicans and are taking vigorous measures to heal the trouble between their local bosses. There have always been two distinct wings of the Democratic party in this city—the chivalry and the shovelry. In old Democratic days, the chivalry issued its orders to the shovelry; but Dennis Kearney taught the latter element that there were loaves and fishes which were not controlled by the relicts of the old slave power, that, in fact, they had only to make the demand and other parties would comply in order to secure their votes.

The Democratic State Central Committee are now laboring to bring these two elements into harmonious action, assuring them that such a combination will certainly give them not only the control of the city and county of San Francisco, but also of the whole State. Up to this time but little has been said about Democratic candidates for Governor, and, if the quarrel should continue, the nomination would likely go a begging; but once healed the field will be full of them.

At present two strong men are discussed; the first is Mayor Bartlett, of this city; the second is Mr. Rose, of San Gabriel. Bartlett is admitted to be the strongest man with the "hurrah" element in San Francisco. He is a friend of Buckley's, and will not be opposed by the swell element and Federal office holding crowd. He enjoys a good social standing with the swallow-tail members of the party, and at the same time is admired by the short-haired ballot box stuffing ring.

On the other hand, Mr. Rose enjoys the confidence of the business element, and would rally to his support all of the agricultural class in his party, and he might possibly draw some following from the Republican farmers. It is not known, however, that Mr. Rose would accept the nomination if offered him, but it is known that Mayor Bartlett would undertake the fight and prosecute it vigorously if made the standard bearer of his party. JAYHAWKER.

How a Colonel Received Promotion.

Frank Wilkeson in New York Sun.]

A friend told me how the Colonel of his regiment secured promotion. It is a fair sample of how sham military reputation is manufactured. The regiment was in action in the open, this in the southwest under Sherman. The Colonel was on horseback in the rear of his regiment, just where he should have been. The Confederate sharpshooters saw an officer on horseback and began to pay attention to him. The Colonel, finding that the sharpshooters had selected him for a target, was greatly alarmed, and thought he was to be killed. He did not dare to ride off the field, nor did he dare dismount while under fire, for fear that his men would suspect him of cowardice.

He speedily concluded that he had best be moving, so he galloped his horse up and down behind his regiment. He was nervous and excited, as well he might be, with a score of sharpshooters trying to gather him to his fathers, and, to relieve his feelings, he shouted to his men to "Give it to the rebel ——!" Furiously he rode, expecting to be killed every instant. An advantage gained by our troops in another part of the field dislodged the sharpshooters, and the Colonel was at rest. His riding his line and his sham encouragement of his men had been seen from corps headquarters. There his actions were construed to indicate that his regiment was hard pressed, which was true, and that he was gallantly holding his men to their work, which was not true, as they had no intention of abandoning the field. The Colonel was recommended for promotion as a reward for his gallantry in action. Speedily a single star shone on his shoulder-strap, where the bird of freedom had been wont to roost. And ever after he posed as the fighting Brigadier.

The Yucca or "Newspaper Plant."

St. Nicholas.]

It seems that in certain far-away territories called New Mexico and Arizona, there are great tracts of desolate desert lands, where the very hills seem destitute of life and beauty, and where the earth is shriveled from centuries of terrible heat. And in these desert tracts grow a curious, misshapen, grotesque and twisted plant that seems more like a goblin tree than a real one. Of all the trees in the world, you would imagine this to be the most outcast and worthless—so meager a living does it obtain from the waste of sand and gravel in which it grows. And yet this goblin tree is now being sought after and utilized in one of the world's greatest industries—an industry that affects the daily needs of civilization. Those wise folks, the botanists, call our goblin tree by its odd Indian name of the "Yucca" palm.

This plant of the desert for a long time was considered valueless. But not long ago it was discovered that the fibre of the Yucca could be made into an excellent paper. And now one of the great English dailies, the London Telegraph, is printed upon paper made from the goblin tree. Indeed, the Telegraph has purchased a large plantation in Arizona, merely for the purpose of cultivating this tree, and manufacturing paper from it. So, you see, the Yucca is now a newspaper plant.

New Mexican Climatic Complications.

Albuquerque Journal.]

Las Vegas is situated almost east of this city, at the edge of a vast plain that reaches out into the Staked Plains of Texas. It is a few feet higher in altitude than the cities in the Rio Grande valley, and the difference in the summer climate is not perceptible, yet the Optic has the monumental impudence to publish the following regarding its "climate:"

The heat prevailing in Albuquerque and Socorro is said to be frightful, and life is almost unbearable in those pretentious villages. In Las Vegas the temperature is simply delightful, and why people will swelter and sweat and groan in the torrid climate south of the Glorieta mountains while Las Vegas is accessible, is more than we can understand.

Benton's Hair Grower.

All who are bald, all who are becoming bald, all who do not want to be bald, all who are troubled with dandruff, or itching of the scalp; should use Benton's Hair Grower. Eighty per cent. of those using it have grown hair. It never fails to stop the hair from falling. Through sickness and fevers the hair sometimes falls off in short time, but although the person may have remained bald for years, if you use Benton's Hair Grower according to directions you are sure of a growth of hair. In hundreds of cases we have produced a good growth of hair on those who have been bald and glazed for years. We have fully substantiated the following facts:

We grow hair in eighty cases out of a hundred, no matter how long bald.

Unlike other preparations, it contains no sugar of lead, or vegetable or mineral poisons.

It is a specific for falling hair, dandruff and itching of the scalp.

The Hair Grower is a Hair food and its composition is almost exactly like the oil which supplies the hair with its vitality.

DOUBLE AND TRIPLE STRENGTH.

When the skin is very tough and hard, and the follicle is apparently effectually closed, the single strength will sometimes fail to reach the papilla; in such cases the double or triple strength should be used in connection with the single, using them alternately.

Price, single strength, $1; double strength, $2; triple strength, $3. If your druggists have not got it we will send it prepaid on receipt of price.

BENTON HAIR GROWER CO.,
Cleveland, O.

For sale by C. F. Heinzeman, druggist and chemist, No. 122 North Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Iron Sulphur Springs.

Thirteen miles' drive east, near the ostrich farm; pleasant health and pleasure resort, located on high mesa land. Hot mineral baths, equal to Hot Springs of Arkansas. Mineral waters remarkable for cure of rheumatism, diseases of stomach, kidneys, skin and nervous system. Good hotel, pleasant grounds. Two trains daily on Santa Ana Railroad; $1.25 round trip. Daily mail and telephone.

Consult Mrs. Dr. Wells for all diseases of women. Prompt relief for female irregularities. Two hours each day devoted to electro-thermal and medicated baths. Consultation free. 241 Spring street.

Excursion East.

June 8th and 22d, July 20th, via Salt Lake, the Home of the Saints. BAKER & DAWSON, 204 N. Main street, Los Angeles

The Rubber Stamp Company has removed to Allen Block, Temple and Spring.

Gentlemen's clothes cleaned or dyed and repaired at short notice at MARTENET'S, co. 9 Aliso street:

For choice fresh cows, call on Niles, on Washington, near Main street.

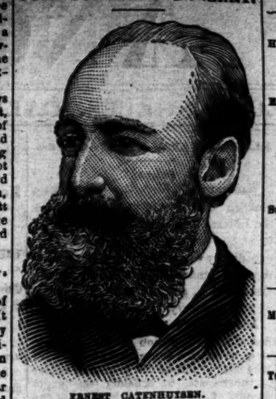
Highest Prices Paid

For second-hand furniture at the Famous Auction and Commission House, 209 South Spring street.

I. Ghirardelli's soluable cocoa is fresher, stronger and superior to any imported.

Skillful, reliable and thoroughly satisfactory dyes at the Great American Dye House, No. 9 Aliso street.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



ERNEST CATENHUISEN.

The National Saengerfest, which is now being celebrated in Milwaukee, is without doubt the greatest success yet achieved by the Northwestern Saengerbund. For years it has been the custom of this association of societies to hold reunions, and each succeeding festival has eclipsed its predecessor. Singing societies from all parts of the Union participate, and the meeting usually winds up a picnic and general jollification. The chorus in the present festival numbers from 2000 to 3000 voices, and some of the most distinguished soloists have been engaged for the occasion. Ernest Catenhuysen, the general musical director of the festival, has for years been associated with the musical affairs of the Northwestern Saengerbund. He took a prominent part in the Chicago and Buffalo reunions. He is 51 years of age, and before coming to America enjoyed the advantages of a thorough musical education, studying in the musical centers of Germany, France and Italy. He was employed in the Royal Theater of Berlin, and just before his departure for America was engaged to play the Royal Opera.

E. F. Moorhouse, 148 S. Spring St.

Jobbing in carpenter work. Step-ladders and orange ladders a specialty. Agent for Centennial windmills. Plaster paris ornaments for sale, put up and guaranteed. Telephone 341.

Specialists.

Personal.

DR. BENNET HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE to 36½ S. Spring st. His residence is 21 West Sixth st. Ladies and gentlemen needing treatment or advice will receive the kindest attention. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m and 2 to 6 p. m.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Mills,

METAPHYSICIAN — Liver, Kidney and Chronic Debility and rheumatism a specialty. Office hours, 2 to 5. 228 S. Fort st.

Dr. Lipotai,

THE GREAT CHINESE PHYSICIAN OF San Francisco will open a tea and herb sanitarium for the sick in this city about the 1st of August.

F. P. Hoy, M. D.,

OCULIST AND AURIST—Late with Dr. John Roosa and Dr. Norton, New York; also late residence physician of the Eye and Ear Hospital, Worth street, New York. No.

"BROADBRIM."

Some Sharp Truths About Anarchist Impudence.

METROPOLITAN MANIA FOR SUICIDE.

Suffering from Strikes—Esteemed Contemporaries in New York—The Last of Klunder—Mucho Caliente.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, July 24.—A few weeks ago it looked as though we were getting toward an amicable settlement of our labor troubles, but, since the conviction and punishment of the boycotters, meetings have taken place among the anarchical and revolutionary elements of labor which give a threatening aspect to the future. Not that the final result is at all doubtful in New York; for you may rest assured that no such scenes will be enacted here as have been enacted in Chicago. If any such things as they threaten should be attempted here, Anarchy would be taught a lesson that would serve the world for a hundred years to come.

They now seek to strike down the poor man's safeguard and shield—trial by jury of his peers; they seek to intimidate the witness at the bar of justice, to violate the sanctity of his oath; they try to throw odium on the fearless judge who held the scales of justice with even the impartial hand; and they endeavor to disgrace the representative of the people when in the sworn performance of his duty he defended a helpless widow against the assaults of a band of mercenary and cowardly ruffians, who were an outrage on our citizenship, and a disgrace to our American manhood.

George Ehret, the brewer, is boycotted, for what? because, under oath he told the truth; he told no more than one of the prisoners would have told if he had been put upon the stand. No one pretends that he told more or less than the truth, and for this they seek to ruin him. Notice is thus served on every citizen of the United States, that a foreign Anarchist may commit any crime without the fear of punishment, for the witness dare not testify, the jury must not convict, and the judge dare not pronounce the sentence.

Do these men forget that two decades have scarcely passed since we paid five thousand millions of dollars, and gave a million of lives of the youngest, the bravest and the best in our land, to defend the principle which they now seek to destroy—the rights of the poor man. A meeting was held here last week where the judge, the jury, and the prosecuting attorney who assisted in the punishment of the boycotters, were most bitterly denounced, and every one of them blacklisted. One of the speakers advised his hearers to buy guns and cannon, and to drill, so as to meet force with force; and further, he wanted them to combine at the polls, so that men would be elected who would repeal the laws which would imprison a man for boycotting—that is to say, that any organized pack of rascals shall be allowed to ruin any person who will not submit to their blackmail. If the day shall ever arrive when this government shall become so weak and so corrupt that it can no longer defend the right of its citizens, I hope that it may be destroyed, and the government of a King or a Czar substituted for it—for no slavery could equal the degradation of a government of boycotters.

Suicide has become a mania; it seems to be confined to no condition or degree. The number of suicides is greater now than at any period within my memory. It is only a week ago since a father, well known in our business community, killed his young son, aged 14, and then shot himself. Then a husband and a wife died together, and later a brother and sister, in comfortable circumstances, sit deliberately down and settle all the details of their death as calmly as if they were going to a wedding. The woman was of a strong religious nature, and a devout member of a Catholic church, which pronounces the Anathama Maranetha on the suicide. Yet she never appears to have faltered from the moment that she made up her mind—nothwithstanding the appalling and terrible consequences. It is no use to attempt to reason on a suicide like this. The jury gave the merciful verdict of "Mental aberration." Yet, if ever man or woman deliberately stepped into the shadow of the dark valley, clothed in their right mind, it was the brother and sister who took their lives last week. The single cases of suicide have been unequalled in the city's history, and some means must be found to stop it.

The strikes have caused a great deal of suffering, and many are made desperate by their misfortunes; and while 5000 cigar-makers are on strike, and it is safe to say that they support 20,000 people. Saturday comes on, and there is no wages, nothing for the butcher, nothing for the baker, nothing for the landlord. Outside unions cannot and will not support them long; it would take $30,000 a week to give them each $4, and that, even, if regularly paid, is miserable support for a family. It is a gloomy outlook for the winter, and if these strikes continue, it will be a winter of suffering unparalleled in our history.

But every cloud has a silver lining, and ours are the excursions that are taking place every day for the benefit of the poor. Pulitzer of the World is a public benefactor in this respect. Last year he got up a baseball ground for our boys, where they could play baseball on a Sunday, but Jersey law went for him and his proteges, and the owners of the ground barely got off with a heavy fine. This year he is giving excursions to poor girls.

Speaking of the World, there is a lively duel going on between the World and the Star, which is more amusing than edifying to outsiders. The Star pretends to look down with lofty scorn upon its colossal neighbor, and the editor-in-chief of the World has indulged in some of the vigorous Saxon which made him famous in St. Louis, and which caused a murder in his office, the editor himself just escaping the gallows by a neck. The fight between these rival Democrats promises to disrupt the party, the attack on Mr. Dorsheimer by the World last Sunday being exceedingly savage and uncomplimentary. The constant attacks on the administration and its arrogant dictation have given offence to the great body of the Democratic party in New York City, and they are now throwing their influence in favor of the Star. The attack on Governor Dorsheimer, who is always a gentleman, is a disgrace to New York journalism.

Peter B. Sweeney, one of the last survivors of the Tweed ring, has left us we hope to return no more. He was called the brains of the ring—certain it is that he survived all the principal members of the ring—and with the exception of $450,000 which he restored to the city to purchase immunity, he succeeded in keeping the great body of his plunder. He married the divorced wife of William Page, the artist, but the marriage was unhappy from the start. The lady abandoned him in Paris, and it is understood that both parties are satisfied with the arrangement. Mrs. Sweeney is to be pitied—young, beautiful, talented, courted, flattered, she opened life brilliantly, and failing miserably in both her matrimonial ventures, she finds herself at middle age almost utterly and hopelesely shipwrecked.

It was a surprise to fashionable circles to hear that Klunder had gone into bankruptcy; Klunder is our swell florist. Did Dives die? Klunder has to supply the mortuary flowers. If a new heir was born, Klunder's floral offerings were among the choicest natal gifts. Ladies who dashed along the Mall in their pony phaetons wore Klunder's bouquets upon their breasts. The queen of the ballet looked her divinest as one of Klunder's choicest baskets was passed over the orchestra, and the wedding bell that hung above the choicest flowers from Klunder's rare conservatory; and the dude who strolled down the sunny side of Broadway of an afternoon ogling the girls, paid Klunder 50c for a rose to stick in his buttonhole. Some of Klunder's bills were enormous, amounting at times to thousands of dollars; but it now appears that it was more fashionable to order flowers than to pay for them, one of Klunder's debtors figuring in his books for $1500. Twenty-five thousand dollars are owing Klunder for flowers, and his assets are a glass house and a few flower pots. A month ago and he was the envy of half the florists in the United States; to-day and none so poor as do him reverence. He will join the great army of "has beens," and as a factor in our fashionable life that is the last of Klunder.

The solar wave that has been roasting us all through the week has been disastrous to business, for everybody who could get away has fled from the city. Those who were compelled by business necessities to remain, sought consolation in the music, sea breezes and electric lights of Coney Island, which every night this week has been like a moneter jubilee. It has been a week of full moon or enough so to make it very delightful, and all the young lovers and old ones for matter of that, make the most of the opportunity.

In a few weeks the unsightly telegraph poles will be removed, and the wires, which have almost darkened the sky, will be buried. The fight has been a long one, but the new commissioner, Mr. Flower, has taught the Western Union Telegraph Company a lesson that it will not soon forget. Speaking of the Western Union, the war between it and the Mackey-Cable Company grows more bitter every day. Up to the present time, those whom they could not buy they crushed; but in John W. Mackay Mr. Gould has found a man whom he could neither buy nor crush, and every month has added new strength to the cable company. As an evidence of the difference between the Western Union's charges, where it has a monopoly and in places where it is met by an opposing company, over the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio you can telegraph to Newport, Rhode Island, from this city, ten words for ten cents—over 200 miles. To a village or town fifteen miles out of Brooklyn, where there is no opposition, you have to pay twenty-five cents.

Most of the big churches are closed, and but few of the theaters open. Despite the torrid heat, *Ermine* still runs at the Casino, and Richard Mansfield fills the Madison Square with his amusing and artistic performance of *Prince Karl*. Buffalo Bill has taken the town by storm with his Wild West Show, and all the small boys in town are determined to devote the rest of their days to robbing coaches and killing Indians. Truly yours,

BROADBRIM.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Herr Singer, a socialistic member of the German Reichstag, has been banished by the Government from Berlin.

Shillalehs, they say, are never seen in the hands of Irishmen in Ireland now. It is the tourist who swings the stick.

The South African diamond crop up to the present time has amounted to six and one-half tons, valued at £40,000,000.

The American colony in Paris is fast decreasing. The English colony is larger, but the two do not mingle freely, even maintaining different geographical identity.

The Englishman's definition of an orator is applied to Mr. Gladstone even by political enemies of the Old Man Eloquent. "An orator," says Master Punch, "is a man that nobody dares dispute with."

By decree of the Spanish Government, American vessels and their cargoes entering Spanish ports have been put on the same footing in regard to duties and taxes as Spanish vessels and cargoes.

Russian proverbs upon married life illustrate the condition of the wife. Among others is the curious saying, "To love a wife is to strike her upon every suitable occasion," and the peasantry make practical application of the rule.

One of the members of the Berlin Opera Company has resigned from a curious reason. During fifteen years of her connection with the company she has never been cast for any other roles but those of "princesses," and has become as weary of wearing the crowns as some real daughters of royalty.

The Princess Beatrice is said to be growing lazy. The Queen confidently expects to have the happiness of assisting at an interesting event of a domestic character about a month before Christmas. It will most likely take place in the Isle of Wight. As a thank-offering the Queen has sent $250 to the Royal Maternity Society.

A novel sight in London the other day was a parade of about a hundred carts under the auspices of the London Cart-horse Parade Society. The society's object is to improve the general condition and treatment of London cart and van horses by encouraging drivers to take a humane interest in the animals under their care. This was their first field day.

While a regiment of infantry was marching through Rome recently it met, on passing the Luigi Francesi Piazza, a procession headed by a parish priest, bearing the Host to a sick person. The commander of the regiment stopped his men and rendered military honors to the Host, upon which the priest gave his benediction to the soldiers. This is the first occurrence of the kind in Rome.

An amusing story about H. C. Richards and Herbert Gladstone is going the rounds. "Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Richards, at the close of a speech at Southend, "we should never have heard of Herbert Gladstone if it had not been for his father." And it is actually said that Mr. Richards was unable for some moments to understand why the audience roared.

The Mischief of Pretty Waiter Girls.

Tho' the soup may be clear, and the fish may be good,
And the lamb and the sparrowgrass tender,
How on earth can a person attend to the food
That attendants so fair to him render?

Tho' each dish be success, and the menu complete,
And the table could not be laid neater,
Yet, I languidly let fall the spoon in the sweet,
Since my thoughts turn to something far sweeter!

Though the Glenlier right up to the brim of the glass
Like a scuffle of diamonds be creaming,
It looks dull when I glance at the eyes of the lass
That just over my shoulder are gleaming.

No! give me the waiter's thick hands and white ties,
When I wish to persistently gobble,
For I can't feast my mouth when I'm feasting my eyes
Nor digest while my heart's on the wobble.

—St. James Gazette.

A HOLY TERROR.

The Fiery Dragon of Elizabeth Lake.

A MODEST STORY FROM VENTURA.

The Hideous "Thing" with Dinner-Plate Scales, Headlight Eyes and a Harpoon Tail Now Paralyzing the Natives.

The Ventura Free Press, a fortnight ago, had an able sensation. A terrific monster—beside which all the chimeras, gorgons, minotaurs and other bugaboos of antiquity were harmless insects—had been found to inhabit the depths of Elizabeth Lake. It was a good story, but of course the Free Press couldn't swallow it; but now comes evidence which knocks out the skeptics in the first round. Let the Free Press tell it:

Last Saturday evening the Free Press published a strange story told by a prospector from the vicinity of Elizabeth lake, and, of course, this paper gave no credence to the tale. We rather made game of it, in fact, thinking the narrator had been a little the worse for bug-juice, perhaps, and so had let his too freely stimulated imagination run riot. Now there comes to us in confirmation of the prospector's yarn, a tale so weird and strange, and, withal, so well vouched, that we must accord it a degree of credence seemingly impossible.

The old stage road from Los Angeles to Bakersfield runs through the San Francisquito cañon and up by Elizabeth lake, and to this day emigrants, coming from Nevada and San Joaquin country to the coast in wagons, follow this beaten track across the Mojave desert.

A newly-arrived emigrant, a very respectable looking man indeed, giving the name of Peter B. Simpson, is authority for a story rivalling the fables of the Niebelungen Lied. He says that these things are facts. We give the statement for what it is worth:

He had removed his family—a wife and three interesting children—from the Esmeralda mining country in Nevada and, having an excellent wagon and a good team among his personal effects, besides some dozen head of cattle, concluded, time being no object, to come overland to Santa Barbara county. Of course he came by Bakersfield and Elizabeth lake. On the evening of the 15th day of July—the moon being then near its full—the little party encamped at the upper end of the lake, about half a mile west of the village. Mr. Simpson says that he noticed the peculiarly penetrating odor arising from the water. It seemed to float above the lake, and to fill the little valley with vague, undefinable forms of mist. His cattle were allowed to graze at large upon the grass-covered plain. About midnight, when all were soundly sleeping beneath the covered wagon, Mr. Simpson says he was awakened by a terrible commotion which seemed to come from out in the lake. There was an awful roaring, he said, like the muttering of distant thunder, accompanied by a peculiarly, loud, indescribable hissing noise. Of course Mr. Simpson arose at once and seized his Winchester, but he could see nothing. Far out in the lake was what seemed to be a black cloud, and below it the water was seething and boiling.

Seeing nothing to alarm him, Mr. Simpson again sought his blankets, but no sooner had he settled to sleep than there was a great rushing through the air as of mighty wings, and the wagon was lifted bodily from the ground, carried about twenty yards out into the plain and dropped, making the wheels a total wreck. There was an immediate stampede of stock, and the terrified family arose at once from their recumbent positions, but they only saw their stock scattering over the plain and a dark form whizzing through the air in the distance. The noise of rushing wings continued, growing fainter. Then all was still.

For a moment Mr. Simpson thought that he had encamped in the path of a cyclone. Thoroughly bewildered, with rifle in hand, he stood listening intently to the great silence which hung upon the desert, when from out that stillness there arose afar off the sound of a great conflict. Peter R. Simpson is a brave man, for across the desert he followed that sound. It seemed as though fifty battering rams were rattling together against the mailed sides of some moated fortress.

Arriving at the summit of a low knoll, Mr. Simpson paused and gazed down into a little valley below him—and all over the scene there fell a flood of warm southern moonlight.

The monster had come upon a drove of antelope sleeping in the gulch, and had at once attacked them. About ten feet from where Mr. Simpson stood a fine buck lay bleeding, bitten clean through at one stroke of the "thing's" horrid jaws. Around another buck the monster's wings seemed folded, while its long tail, barbed at the end, played around the pair incessantly, evidently seeking to transfix the antelope. Two other antelope were vigorously trying the effect of their short horns upon the scaly sides of the monster. Mr. Simpson's description of this "thing" is very succient: "It was about thirty feet long over all, I should judge," he said, "and of a warm reddish color, with a long snout and jagged yellow teeth. It had enormous wings, rigged like those of a bat evidently, long hind legs and a long tail, with a seemingly hard, barbed point. From its head and neck fell a shaggy mane, and its huge eyes gleamed like two horrid fires."

For ten minutes Mr. Simpson stood as one fascinated by this strange conflict, and then, being a keen sportsman, he lifted his gun and took a shot at the monster. He heard the bullet strike, and rebound. Then, disturbed by the shot, the two antelopes took to flight, the beast in the grasp of the monster was transfixed a moment later, and the "thing" arose into the air, carrying its prey in its mouth, and made for the lake where it sank with a splash that must have been audible for miles.

There was no further disturbance that night. In the morning Mr. Simpson returned to the scene of the strange conflict and secured the carcass of the dead antelope. He also picked up some scales which his bullet or the horns of the antelope might have knocked from the sides of the monster. These scales are round, semi-transparent, about the size of dinner plates, and of a reddish glazed appearance, somewhat similar to ground glass. Mr. Simpson still has them in his possession.

Returning to camp, he collected his stock, dispatched one of his boys to the lake village, procured another wagon, and continued on his journey to Carpenteria, where he intends to reside permanently.

At the village he heard for the first time of the appearance to others beside himself of the Elizabeth lake monster.

Nothing Good Can Be Expected.

[Sacramento Bee.]

The infamous scheme to legislate the present Supreme Judges out of office has already been abandoned. The voice of an outraged and indignant people has been heard by the conspirators, and they dare not attempt to carry out their nefarious plan. Thus one of the principal features of the appropriation plot has come to naught. Perhaps the whole programme will fail. The plotters are discouraged. In the eyes of the people the projected assault upon the Supreme Court has cast suspicion upon the whole extra session programme. Nothing good can be expected from the clique that has assailed the overthrow of the Supreme Bench.

SHORT WAR STORIES.

Some Gossip About Stoneman, Rosecrans, Kilpatrick and Stanley.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"I don't like Morrison's fling at the California Democrats," said a Pacific Coast man. "We gave Rosecrans his first boost politically, and we tied to Stoneman at the right time. The first time I ever saw Stoneman was when he joined Sherman's army at Tunnel Hill, Ga., under orders to report to General Schofield, commanding the Army of the Ohio. In front of Buzzard Roost, one day, Stoneman was seated on a camp-stool in front of Schofield's tent, when a staff officer galloped up and reported that if a section of a battery could be placed in a certain position, which he designated, it could do splendid execution on the Johnnies across the great gorge. 'Send up a mountain howitzer,' said Stoneman, shifting uneasily in his seat. 'Why, General,' replied Schofield, blandly, 'the distance is fully two miles, and howitzers would not be effective.' 'Yes they would—make a noise—scare hell out of 'em!'"

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"General Stoneman was a hard rider," remarked an old trooper. "He wouldn't cover as much ground in a single day, perhaps, as the dashing Kilpatrick, who was always resting or running, but he was always going. I rode with him in the spring of 1864 from Nicholasville, Ky., to Tunnel Hill, Ga., going by way of Somerset, Big Creek Gap, Kingston, Cleveland and Red Clay. We had about 6000 men and only one wagon, which was drawn by eight white mules. Rations for man, beast and carbines were carried on pack-mules. We would mount at daylight and ride an hour and a half, halt half an hour for breakfast, ride till noon, dismount, take dinner and a thirty minutes' nap, and at 1 o'clock were again in the saddle, pressing steadily ahead. At 5:30 o'clock there would be a short halt for rest, then onward till dark, when half an hour would be given for supper, and at "taps" the vast bivouac instantly became hushed. Thus from forty-five to fifty miles of rough mountain roads would be covered in a day, the animals seldom going at a faster gait than a walk.

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"Stoneman suffered intensely from the piles, which made him at all times very irritable. At Kington, Tenn., the junction of the Clinch and Tennessee rivers, we reated from our mountain ride for a couple of days, and for the first time headquarter tents were pitched. At midnight the camp was startled by the clattering of hoofs, lusty oaths and tumbling tents. A pack mule had got loose and invaded the General's quarters, and, springing from his bunk and seizing his saber, but not stopping to get into his clothes, he started after the intruder, slashing and swearing, the affrighted mule meantime tearing through guy ropes and mess kits, arousing everybody. I would like to have a photograph of Stoneman as he appeared chasing that mule."

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"Kilpatrick was quick to decide and swift in action," remarked a war correspondent. "One beautiful moonlight night I was in his camp north of the Chattahoochee. Lieutenant Northrup, of his staff, had been dispatched to Sherman's headquarters for orders. We were sitting on rustic benches, telling stories, laughing and smoking in genuine camp style, Kil. doing most of the talking. Presently, as Kilpatrick was in the middle of a story, Lieut. Northup rode up, dismounted, called him aside, and reported. The General walked slowly out to a low fence—we were encamped in a yard—looking up at the moon for not to exceed fifteen seconds—then turning, walked quickly back, summoned his Adjutant-General, Estes, gave his orders, and in five minutes resumed his seat and his story. Acting under those orders, delivered to brigade commanders within half an hour, the cavalry division forced a crossing at Sandtown at daylight, and made the memorable raid around Atlanta, cutting the railroad at Lovejoy's Station, and running the gauntlet of infantry and artillery in making its way back to the Union lines.

"Incidental to that raid, and illustrative of the close quarters in which we were at one time, I must tell you about Major William H. Day, a gallant staff officer, now a prominent lumber merchant at Dubuque, Iowa. He had a fine horse that on more than one occasion had beaten Kilpatrick's favorite saddle-horse in an after-supper brush, the owners riding. Day had also provided himself with an elegant saddle and a brace of silver-mounted pistols. At a turn in the road we found a blockade of fence rails, a masked battery, and the woods were alive with infantry. Day's horse was killed. Extricating himself in the very face—mouth is the usual term—of a rebel cannon, and drawing his saber, he cut the tugs attaching a skeleton artillery horse to a caisson, leaped upon its back, plied the spurs, and escaped unharmed. Major Day would give $1,000 for horse, saddle and holsters to-day."

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"I always had a grievance against Stanley," said a West Sider. "He always marched us at a gallop, as it were. But we got even with him on one occasion. Early in June, 1865, the Fourth Corps landed at Camp Chalmette, seven miles below New Orleans, on Jackson's old battleground. No provisions having been made for fuel, a convenient boardfence was pressed into the service. General Stanley was very angry when he learned of it, and ordered a detail from each offending regiment, armed the men with axes, and sent them back into the Lake Pontchartrain swamps with orders to cut and fetch to camp enough timber to replace the destroyed fence. The boys had terrible luck with their axes that day. By the middle of the afternoon every helve was broken or the head had been lost in the mire of the swamps. The Chalmette fence was never rebuilt—at least not by the Fourth Corps."

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"That reminds me," said the war correspondent, "of an occurrence at Nashville that gave Stanley great pleasure. After the battle of Franklin, which was fought November 30, 1864, Gen. Hood invested Nashville, much as Sherman had, many months previous, invested Atlanta. That is to say, the lines of investment were semi-circular and parallel, the distance between them being from one to three miles, according to the conformation of the ground. One bright morning in December, before the days of fog and ice, a cavalcade of Confederate officers, in gay uniforms, and accompanied by a band, sode jauntily out in front of the intrenchments along the Granny White pike, and, taking a conspicuous position overlooking the valley between the two lines, were apparently enjoying themselves, the band meanwhile playing 'Who's Been Here Since I've Been Gone?' They made a splendid target, and the temptation was too strong for an officer of the Sixth Ohio Battery. Carefully training a section of his guns on the picnickers, he gave the order to me. Boom! boom! When the reverberations died away and the smoke lifted the music had ceased, and Confederate officers, orderlies and musicians could be seen scampering in all directions for cover. The pale smoke lazily rising from the exploded shells on the exact spot where they had been jubilating but a few moments before told the story."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

More About that Canadian Sleigh Ride.

LOST IN A BLINDING SNOW STORM

Driving in a Circle—Shooting a Deer—The Perils of a Winter in the Great North.

[*Continued.*]

Half an hour later the wind was blowing almost a hurricane. The great snowflakes fell swift and thick, and through the gray sky the wind tossed the leaves in whirling eddies, and they went sailing away like lost and broken-winged birds, finally falling flutteringly downward upon the drifting snow.

"I don't like the looks of this 'ere storm," said the old farmer. "It's getting mighty onsartin about our keeping the road. 'Taint so hard right here in the woods as 'twill be when we get out into the clearin'. Nothin' there to hinder the drifts."

"Yes, Job," replied his wife, "these Canadian winters don't please me, they come on so sudden like sometimes, when you aint in nowise looking for them. Its two or three days to November yet, an' the sun shone this morning as if it had not forgot about the summer days—it was so warm and pleasant like, I wouldn't a thought it possible it could snow afore night."

"Father," said John, "you'd best make Dollie and Dobbin measure the distance just as fast as they are able. 'Tisn't far home, to be sure, but we'll have a blind trail pretty soon, and we don't want to lose any daylight."

"To be sure! to be sure!" rejoined his father, and he pulled at the reins, jerking them nervously, and then he took out the whip and gave the horses a sharp stroke that sent them galloping along at a quick speed into the gray, snow-filled distance.

They left the great woods and came out into the wide cleared space that lay between them and their home. Here every landmark was obliterated. The snow was already drifting badly, and so thick and fast fell the feathery flakes that the whole sky and distance seemed wiped out. They were shut in by the curtains of the storm, which wrapped them about gray and ghastly, as if the clouds themselves had dropped down and were piled to the skies—a thin, impalpable wall which the vision could not penetrate.

It was beginning to grow dark when they again approached the boundary of the forest. They had been driving, as they thought, in a straight line toward home, and twenty minutes' further drive would bring them to their own door.

But, entering the wood and driving on a little distance, everything looked strange to them. They were in a tangle of bushes and thick underbrush. The great river's voice, which swept with sullen murmurs along the home roadside, was missing. The old blacksmith shop, which stood on a rocky ledge not far from the road, was not to be seen.

There was no sight of human habitation, no sound of life anywhere beyond their own little circle. But the wind was making itself heard louder than ever. It swept along, bowing the forest tops, and swaying the great boughs, and it threw the snow in blinding fury into their faces.

"Well, now, I declare to natur', we are off our track entirely," said good old Mr. Symonds to his wife. "I haven't any more idee where we are than the man in the moon. Have you, boys?" he asked anxiously, as he turned towards them.

"I'm inclined to think we've been driving round in a circle the last half an hour," said Elisha, "and all the arithmetic we had last winter won't help us to figure out just the point in its circumference that we've reached. And we shan't gain anything either in driving round on uncertainties. The best thing for us to do is to stop right here till it's done snowing."

"We've got our axes along, and we'll fix up a mansion for your mother in mighty short order," said John, cheerfully.

"This is not going to be a long storm. The wind is going down with the sun, and mebbe when the moon comes out we can find the lay of the land," said Mr. Symonds.

"Hold on, hush!" exclaimed Elisha, under his breath, as he hastily drew out his trusty rifle, sprang to the ground and took aim at some object but a few feet beyond them.

Bang! and the sharp echoes went ringing through the woods, and the boys, making their way hurriedly through the underbrush, found that Elisha had shot a fine young deer, whose horns had got caught in the thicket and held him fast.

"This is jolly!" they shouted to their mother; "plenty of venison for supper, and there's a whole store of good things left in the basket yet. We'll have a feast fit for a king and have a splendid camp-out tonight, in spite of the storm." Young hearts are light and young arms are strong, and in ten minutes there was a splendid fire blazing away under the shelter of a high rock, the wagon was drawn up, and formed another wall to their shelter; boughs were cut and poles laid across from the top of the rock to the limbs of some stout trees, and these were soon covered with thick boughs of hemlock, which formed a substantial roof above their heads.

"This is splendider than Robinson Crueso," said little Dan, as he watched the boys cut the tender juicy steaks for their supper, and toss them into the big frying-pan, which they had fortunately brought along for the convenience of their dinner picnic.

"It isn't as bad as might be," said his father with a smile, as he patted the curly head of the youngest of the household, yet I should a good deal prefer to be safely at home, my little man."

But this supper in the wide, dark forest, with the wild grandeur of the storm about them, just suited the boys. They cracked the merriest jokes while eating, rehearsed tales of marvellous adventures and indulged in an enthusiasm over the situation, such as would have done credit to Robin Hood in his gayest and most prosperous days.

As the sun had set, the wind had gradually subsided. The snow was still falling in white feathery masses, but half an hour after supper the full moon broke through the gray clouds and shed a flood of silvery radiance upon the little camp.

Then the boys proposed a brief reconnoissance, and set out, with their parents' permission, to see if they could discover any familiar landmark.

"How many times do you suppose we made the circuit of that clearing?" said John, at length. "Here we are, not more than fifty feet from the place where the road comes out from the woods into the opening—and, great Jupiter! we must have traveled right round and round for that last hour and a half, for we are only fifty feet nearer home than we were when we struck out of the woods."

The boys went back to camp and reported the situation to their father. He was hardly as much surprised as themselves, for this was not the first time that he had lost his way in the wilds of Canada. He recollected long days of battling with the storms of midwinter, in trackless solitudes, and battles with wild beasts that were ravenous with hunger, and he almost fancied that he again saw their fiery eyes gleaming at him out of the shadows of the wood.

In half an hour every vestige of the storm had passed away from the sky, and the full moon poured its flood of light on the snow-mantled earth and the vast, wide-sweeping forest. Gentle winds sighed through the branches, and on them the white snowflakes gleamed and glistened like light from fairyland.

"It is almost as bright as day," said Mr. Symonds, "and it's not more than four miles home. Just nine o'clock. I don't think it's necessary to stay here all night. We can find our way just about as well as it 'twere daylight, so I think we may as well start as soon as you can get the horses harnessed, boys."

"All right, father!"

(*To be Continued.*)

E. A. O.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

A Romance of that Great Trip from the Mountains to the Sea.

[Forsyth, Ga., Telegram.]

A pretty little romance, growing out of Sherman's march to the sea, has just culminated here in the marriage of David F. Rogers, of Logan, Kas., to Miss Donnie Goodman, a popular belle of this city. On the third night out of General Sherman's army from Atlanta, on its famous trip to Savannah, if camped on the plantation of J. T. Goodman, a wealthy citizen. It was a night of terror for those in the big farm house, who had heard exaggerated reports of the doings of the invaders. They watched through closed shutters, all night long, the camp-fire surrounding the place, not daring to speak above a whisper. Daylight found the column on the march again, and, as the last man disappeared, the children sallied forth to examine the deserted camp. Among the articles found was a knapsack, in which was a diary, which showed that its owner had served in a Kansas regiment from the first year of the war, and that his name was David F. Rogers, of Logan, Kan. Five years ago Miss Donnie, the youngest sister of Mr. Goodman, born since the war, paid him a visit and became deeply interested in the diary, which told the perilous story of a soldier's life. She wrote to the address, expressing her readiness to return the memento if its owner should still be alive. A grateful answer was received both from Mr. Rogers and his wife, Mrs. Mary Rogers. The two ladies thereafter kept up a pleasant correspondence. One year ago a letter, bordered in black, came from Mr. Rogers, in which he stated that his wife was dead; that at the urgent solicitation of his children he wrote his Southern friend the fact. Two weeks ago Miss Goodman received a second letter from Mr. Rogers, stating that he was about to make a business trip to North Carolina and that he would take occasion to call on her. Sunday brought the couple face to face. It was love at first sight. The visit was lengthened out until yesterday, when the couple clasped hands before the hymeneal altar and formed a union from which there is no secession.

BITS OF FUN.

Fish is good brain food, except in instances when it doesn't find anything to assimilate with.—[Burlington Free Press.

Winnipesaukee means "The smile of the Great Spirit." It will save winking in a drugstore, therefore, to simply ask for a "Winnipesaukee."

"Why an actor quit drink," is the heading of an article that is going the rounds. We haven't read it, but imagine it was because he was broke.—[Texas Siftings.

Now that creased pants and rough-edged paper are fashionable, the only thing needful to complete the editor's happiness is a craze for frayed cuffs.—[Burlington Free Press.

Officer (who has stepped on a dog): A thousand pardons, madame! I am indeed exceedingly sorry to have hurt the poor animal so much. Lady: Oh, never mind, it does not matter; it is not my dog.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "what is that man doing over there on Mr. Thompson's porch; he has been sitting on the steps for two hours and hasn't moved?" That, my child, is a housepainter. He is painting Mr. Thompson's house by the day."

Mrs. Fizzletop overheard her son Johnny swear like a trooper: "Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "who taught you to swear that way?" "Taught me to swear?" exclaimed Johnny, "why, its me who teaches the other boys."

A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work!" replied the father; "not at all; he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

Two Yankees were once describing the character of a third. One defended him and the other disparaged his honesty.

"Wall," said the first, "you must admit he has lots of moral principle."

"He orter have," retorted the second, "for he never uses any."

In Paris—Judge (to prisoner): Have you something to add in your defense? Prisoner: Yes, Judge, I desire to have the new law applied to me. Judge: I don't understand you. Prisoner: I ask to be expelled from the country. I am an Orleans Prince.—[French fun.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Methodist Training School for city, home and foreign missions, of Chicago, has been incorporated under the laws of the State.

The modern "Ethiculturalism"—that is, the teaching of morals without religion—is pronounced by President Eliot, of Harvard, an impossibility. It Liberalism can say this, how much more Orthodoxy?

The Reformed Episcopal Church is to have a theological seminary which is to be located at West Philadelphia. It starts out with a donation of $200,000 from a wealthy lady of Philadelphia.

Rabbi Sonneschein, of St. Louis, has been formally dismissed by the trustees of his congregation for "leaning towards Unitarianism." As in fundamentals there does not appear to be any great difference between the two "sects"—denial of the Trinity being at the foundation of both—we do not see any particular reason why they may not unite as a body on the platform of a denial of the divinity and sonship of Christ.

Laird Against Cobb.

Give ear to a poor but honest little ditty
Of a fight that was fought in Washington city.
Between two Congressmen, more's the pity.

Says Laird, M. C., to Cobb, M. C.,
"You're everything that's rank,
You crank, you!"
Says Cobb, M. C., rigat violentlee,
"You're everything that's blank,
Blank blank you!"

Says Laird, M. C., to Cobb, M. C.,
"I'm asking for to pulverize you!
Blood, fury, and fire!"
Says Cobb, M. C., "Come out with me,
And I'll put crape over your eyes, you
Sanguineous liar!"

So Laird, M. C., and Cobb, M. C.,
Those shrill and snorting foes,
In martial manner
Went into the lobby angries,
And Laird, M. C., let out on the nose
Of Cobb of Iglianner.

Cobb, M. C., weighs sixteen stone;
He collapsed down into a chair,
All gory,
And emitted a faint and hollow groan:
"Oh, give me armies, give me air!"
—done was his glory.

Cobb, M. C.'s taken the chip off his shoulder,
Laird of Nebraska is bolder and bolder,
And both'll see[?] off when the weather gets colder.

—N. Y. Sun.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A Woman's Paper on Personal Purity,

READ BEFORE THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

A Crying Need of Legislation Pointed Out—Raise the "Age of Consent"—Monstrosity of the Present Law.

Seated with a group of friends, on the beach, watching the breakers roll in, our desultory talk ranging from hairpins to heroism, we came finally to speak of a subject then interesting England, and, indeed, all hearts everywhere that lay claim to a common humanity—that of the Pall Mall Gazette and its discourses. Just what were Editor Stead's personal motives, and whether he took the best and wisest way to institute a needed reform, were matters of our talk quite irrelevant here, but, as women, we were all agreed that, in spite of Mrs. Grundy—walking wet-blanket as she is—it were silly preaching to refuse to read the copies of the Gazette, reprinted here. If the matters published were true, and the horrible things therein related had happened and might again—away with the false modesty that would forbid the mothers, sisters and friends of young girls from thoroughly knowing their dangers—feeling this deeply, I was glad when a copy of Mr. Stead's paper fell into my hands. I had been led to believe that its perusal would disgust by its coarseness, whereas, on the contrary, the dreadful stories were told with all possible delicacy of phrase, and only the facts themselves were revolting in their hideous possibility. Unfit for general reading, the paper undeniably was, as are certain medical works, yet demanding the careful attention of every man and woman of maturity.

There is no need here to go into those details. Most of you have read or heard enough of them to fill your woman's hearts with horror unspeakable, with a pity that fills the eyes with tears, and a righteous rage that dries them in the fire of an indignation, alas, almost helpless.

To you, doubtless, as to myself, and any other true blue Americans, came the thought, born in thankfulness, that here at least, in this home of free women and land of brave men, things were very different, and of course much better; that here girlish ignorance and womanly virtue were more securely guarded.

Let us see if we have cause for self-congratulation. From various sources we gather these pregnant facts: Our laws are largely based upon those of England, with such omissions, additions and amendments as are deemed necessary. The laws regarding the violation of chastity in the old days of William the Conqueror were severe and the punishment of the ravisher was death, but in the time of Edward I the penalty was reduced to two years of imprisonment and a small fine. Later yet, the crime was regarded as a felony unless the victim—say, rather, *child*—was over 12 years of age, after which she was supposed to be able to judge perfectly of the matter, and the guilty one usually went scot free by pleading the so-called "consent" of a 12-year-old girl. And this law, made by men who had daughters of their own, made no discrimination as to how this consent was obtained—whether through sheer ignorance, by fraud, by fear or by force. Unless this little child-woman died in the defense of a chastity that she was as yet too young to understand, she was adjudged "guilty." So great was the indignant feeling raised in England by the knowledge of these laws that, though prosecuting the man who turned the white light of public opinion upon this monstrous thing, they yet, almost by acclamation, raised this "age of consent" as the legal phrase is—to 18 years, by which time most girls know the meaning of virtue and its pricelessness. And yet, even with this law's protection against absolute outrage, how countless are the temptations in the path of any girl whose lot it is, unsheltered, to earn her bread in any large city. All the little pleasures and "good times" that come purely and plentifully to the young girl in the home of wealth, and under the care of parents and brothers, are with the working girl attended by a thousand opportunities for the first unguarded step, leading down a mighty staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom, and down that staircase she goes day by day, hour by hour, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, sometimes stopping, but oh! so seldom turning back! Turning to the laws of our country, I quote from a paper written by Georgia Mark, L.L. B. "Most of our State laws, though modeled on those of England, have gone backward, and following the statute of Elizabeth, have fixed the age of consent at ten years." Think of that, mothers of ten-year old daughters! "Sentimentalists and poets talk of woman's superior chastity and have much to say of her natural purity, while the law does not recognize it, collects it, and weighs evidence against it, and unless a woman dies, in the attempt to preserve her honor, her innocense is but rarely and hardly proven to a jury of men." These are facts, and will not down. No work can be more distinctly womanly

"BROADBRIM."

Some Sharp Truths About Anarchist Impudence.

METROPOLITAN MANIA FOR SUICIDE.

Suffering from Strikes—Esteemed Contemporaries in New York—The Last of Klunder—Mucho Caliente.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, July 24.—A few weeks ago it looked as though we were getting toward an amicable settlement of our labor troubles, but, since the conviction and punishment of the boycotters, meetings have taken place among the anarchical and revolutionary elements of labor which give a threatening aspect to the future. Not that the final result is at all doubtful in New York; for you may rest assured that no such scenes will be enacted here as have been enacted in Chicago. If any such things as they threaten should be attempted here, Anarchy would be taught a lesson that would serve the world for a hundred years to come.

They now seek to strike down the poor man's safeguard and shield—trial by jury of his peers; they seek to intimidate the witness at the bar of justice, to violate the sanctity of his oath; they try to throw odium on the fearless judge who held the scales of justice with even the impartial hand; and they endeavor to disgrace the representative of the people when in the sworn performance of his duty he defended a helpless widow against the assaults of a band of mercenary and cowardly ruffians, who were an outrage on our citizenship, and a disgrace to our American manhood.

George Ehret, the brewer, is boycotted, for what? because, under oath he told the truth; he told no more than one of the prisoners would have told if he had been put upon the stand. No one pretends that he told more or less than the truth, and for this they seek to ruin him. Notice is thus served on every citizen of the United States, that a foreign Anarchist may commit any crime without the fear of punishment, for the witness dare not testify, the jury must not convict, and the judge dare not pronounce the sentence.

Do these men forget that two decades have scarcely passed since we paid five thousand millions of dollars, and gave a million of lives of the youngest, the bravest and the best in our land, to defend the principle which they now seek to destroy—the rights of the poor man. A meeting was held here last week where the judge, the jury, and the prosecuting attorney who assisted in the punishment of the boycotters, were most bitterly denounced, and every one of them blacklisted. One of the speakers advised his hearers to buy guns and cannon, and to drill; so as to meet force with force; and further, he wanted them to combine at the polls, so that men would be elected who would repeal the laws which would imprison a man for boycotting—that is to say, that any organized pack of rascals shall be allowed to ruin any person who will not submit to their blackmail. If the day shall ever arrive when this government shall become so weak and so corrupt that it can no longer defend the right of its citizens, I hope that it may be destroyed, and the government of a King or a Czar substituted for it—for no slavery could equal the degradation of a government of boycotters.

Suicide has become a mania; it seems to be confined to no condition or degree. The number of suicides is greater now than at any period within my memory. It is only a week ago since a father, well known in our business community, killed his young son, aged 14, and then shot himself. Then a husband and a wife died together, and later a brother and sister, in comfortable circumstances, sit deliberately down and settle all the details of their death as calmly as if they were going to a wedding. The woman was of a strong religious nature, and a devout member of a Catholic church, which pronounces the Anathama Maranetha on the suicide. Yet she never appears to have faltered from the moment that she made up her mind—nothwithstanding the appalling and terrible consequences. It is no use to attempt to reason on a suicide like this. The jury gave the merciful verdict of "Mental aberration." Yet, if ever man or woman deliberately stepped into the shadow of the dark valley, clothed in their right mind, it was the brother and sister who took their lives last week. The single cases of suicide have been unequalled in the city's history, and some means must be found to stop it.

The strikes have caused a great deal of suffering, and many are made desperate by their misfortunes; and while 5000 cigar-makers are on strike, and it is safe to say that they support 20,000 people. Saturday comes on, and there is no wages, nothing for the butcher, nothing for the baker, nothing for the landlord. Outside unions cannot and will not support them long; it would take $20,000 a week to give them each $4, and that, even, if regularly paid, is miserable support for a family. It is a gloomy outlook for the winter, and if these strikes continue, it will be a winter of suffering unparalleled in our history.

But every cloud has a silver lining, and ours are the excursions that are taking place every day for the benefit of the poor. Pulitzer of the World is a public benefactor in this respect. Last year he got up a baseball ground for our boys, where they could play baseball on a Sunday, but Jersey law went for him and his proteges, and the owners of the ground barely got off with a heavy fine. This year he is giving excursions to poor girls.

Speaking of the World, there is a lively duel going on between the World and the Star, which is more amusing than edifying to outsiders. The Star pretends to look down with lofty scorn upon its colossal neighbor, and the editor-in-chief of the World has indulged in some of the vigorous Saxon which made him famous in St. Louis, and which caused a murder in his office, the editor himself just escaping the gallows by a neck. The fight between these rival Democrats promises to disrupt the party, the attack on Mr. Dorsheimer by the World last Sunday being exceedingly savage and uncomplimentary. The constant attacks on the administration and its arrogant dictation have given offence to the great body of the Democratic party in New York City, and they are now throwing their influence in favor of the Star. The attack on Governor Dorsheimer, who is always a gentleman, is a disgrace to New York journalism.

Peter B. Sweeney, one of the last survivors of the Tweed ring, has left us we hope to return no more. He was called the brains of the ring—certain it is that he survived all the principal members of the ring—and with the exception of $450,000 which he restored to the city to purchase immunity, he succeeded in keeping the great body of his plunder. He married the divorced wife of William Page, the artist, but the marriage was unhappy from the start. The lady abandoned him in Paris, and it is understood that both parties are satisfied with the arrangement. Mrs. Sweeney is to be pitied—young, beautiful, talented, courted, flattered, she opened life brilliantly, and failing miserably in both her matrimonial ventures, she finds herself at middle age almost utterly and hopelessly shipwrecked.

It was a surprise to fashionable circles to hear that Klunder had gone into bankruptcy; Klunder is our swell florist. Did Dives die? Klunder has to supply the mortuary flowers. If a new heir was born, Klunder's floral offerings were among the choicest natal gifts. Ladies who dashed along the Mall in their pony phaetons wore Klunder's bouquets upon their breasts. The queen of the ballet looked her divinest as one of Klunder's choicest baskets was passed over the orchestra, and the wedding bell that hung above the daughter of Croesus drained the choicest flowers from Klunder's rare conservatory; and the dude who strolled down the sunny side of Broadway of an afternoon ogling the girls, paid Klunder 50c for a rose to stick in his buttonhole. Some of Klunder's bills were enormous, amounting at times to thousands of dollars; but it now appears that it was more fashionable to order flowers than to pay for them, one of Klunder's debtors figuring in his books for $1500. Twenty-five thousand dollars are owing Klunder for flowers, and his assets are a glass house and a few flower pots. A month ago and he was the envy of half the florists in the United States; to-day and none so poor as do him reverence. He will join the great army of "has beens," and as a factor in our fashionable life that is the last of Klunder.

The solar wave that has been roasting us all through the week has been disastrous to business, for everybody who could get away has fled from the city. Those who were compelled by business necessities to remain, sought consolation in the music, sea breezes and electric lights of Coney Island, which every night this week has been like a moneter jubilee. It has been a week of full moon or enough so to make it very delightful, and all the young lovers and old ones for matter of that, make the most of the opportunity.

In a few weeks the unsightly telegraph poles will be removed, and the wires, which have almost darkened the sky, will be buried. The fight has been a long one, but the new commissioner, Mr. Flower, has taught the Western Union Telegraph Company a lesson that it will not soon forget. Speaking of the Western Union, the war between it and the Mackey-Cable Company grows more bitter every day. Up to the present time, those whom they could not buy they crushed; but in John W. Mackay Mr. Gould has found a man whom he could neither buy nor crush, and every month has added new strength to the cable company. As an evidence of the difference between the Western Union's charges, where it has a monopoly and in places where it is met by an opposing company, over the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio you can telegraph to Newport, Rhode Island, from this city, ten words for ten cents—over 200 miles. To a village or town fifteen miles out of Brooklyn, where there is no opposition, you have to pay twenty-five cents.

Most of the big churches are closed, and but few of the theaters open. Despite the torrid heat, *Ermine* still runs at the Casino, and Richard Mansfield fills the Madison Square with his amusing and artistic performance of *Prince Karl*. Buffalo Bill has taken the town by storm with his Wild West Show, and all the small boys in town are determined to devote the rest of their days to robbing coaches and killing Indians. Truly yours,

BROADBRIM.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Herr Singer, a socialistic member of the German Reichstag, has been banished by the Government from Berlin.

Shillalehs, they say, are never seen in the hands of Irishmen in Ireland now. It is the tourist who swings the stick.

The South African diamond crop up to the present time has amounted to six and one-half tons, valued at £40,000,000.

The American colony in Paris is fast decreasing. The English colony is larger, but the two do not mingle freely, even maintaining different geographical identity.

The Englishman's definition of an orator is applied to Mr. Gladstone even by political enemies of the Old Man Eloquent. "An orator," says Master Punch, "is a man that nobody dares dispute with."

By decree of the Spanish Government, American vessels and their cargoes entering Spanish ports have been put on the same footing in regard to duties and taxes as Spanish vessels and cargoes.

Russian proverbs upon married life illustrate the condition of the wife. Among others is the curious saying, "To love a wife is to strike her upon every suitable occasion," and the peasantry make practical application of the rule.

One of the members of the Berlin Opera Company has resigned from a curious reason. During fifteen years of her connection with the company she has never been cast for any other roles but those of "princesses," and has become as weary of wearing the crowns as some real daughters of royalty.

The Princess Beatrice is said to be growing lazy. The Queen confidently expects to have the happiness of assisting at an interesting event of a domestic character about a month before Christmas. It will most likely take place in the Isle of Wight. As a thank-offering the Queen has sent $250 to the Royal Maternity Society.

A novel sight in London the other day was a parade of about a hundred carts under the auspices of the London Cart-horse Parade Society. The society's object is to improve the general condition and treatment of London cart and van horses by encouraging drivers to take a humane interest in the animals under their care. This was their first field day.

While a regiment of infantry was marching through Rome recently it met, on passing the Luigi Francesi Piazza, a procession headed by a parish priest, bearing the Host to a sick person. The commander of the regiment stopped his men and rendered military honors to the Host, upon which the priest gave his benediction to the soldiers. This is the first occurrence of the kind in Rome.

An amusing story about H. C. Richards and Herbert Gladstone is going the rounds. "Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Richards, at the close of a speech at Southend, "we should never have heard of Herbert Gladstone if it had not been for his father." And it is actually said that Mr. Richards was unable for some moments to understand why the audience roared.

The Mischief of Pretty Waiter Girls.

The' the soup may be clear, and the fish may be good,
And the lamb and the sparrowgrass tender,
How on earth can a person attend to the food
That attendants so fair to him render?

Tho' each dish be a success, and the menu complete,
And the table could not be laid neater,
Yet, I languidly let fall the spoon in the sweet,
Since my thoughts turn to something far sweeter!

Though the Glenlier right up to the brim of the glass
Like a sea'ful of diamonds be creaming,
It looks dull when I glance at the eyes of the lass
That just over my shoulder are gleaming.

No! give me the waiter's thick hands and white ties,
When I want to persistently gobble,
For I can't feast my mouth when I'm feasting my eyes!
Nor digest while my heart's on the wobble.

—St. James Gazette.

A HOLY TERROR.

The Fiery Dragon of Elizabeth Lake.

A MODEST STORY FROM VENTURA.

The Hideous "Thing" with Dinner-Plate Scales, Headlight Eyes and a Harpoon Tail Now Paralyzing the Natives.

The Ventura Free Press, a fortnight ago, had an able sensation. A terrific monster—beside which all the chimeras, gorgons, minotaurs and other bugaboos of antiquity were harmless insects—had been found to inhabit the depths of Elizabeth Lake. It was a good story, but (of course the Free Press couldn't swallow it; but now comes evidence which knocks out the skeptics in the first round. Let the Free Press tell it:

Last Saturday evening the Free Press published a strange story told by a prospector from the vicinity of Elizabeth lake, and, of course, this paper gave no credence to the tale. We rather made game of it, in fact, thinking the narrator had been a little the worse for bug-juice, perhaps, and so had let his too freely stimulated imagination run riot. Now there comes to us in confirmation of the prospector's yarn, a tale so weird and strange, and, withal, so well vouched, that we must accord it a degree of credence seemingly impossible.

The old stage road from Los Angeles to Bakersfield runs through the San Francisquito cañon and up by Elizabeth lake, and to this day emigrants, coming from Nevada and San Joaquin country to the coast in wagons, follow this beaten track across the Mojave desert.

A newly-arrived emigrant, a very respectable looking man indeed, giving the name of Peter B. Simpson, is authority for a story rivalling the fables of the Niebelungen Lied. He says that these things are facts. We give the statement for what it is worth:

He had removed his family—a wife and three interesting children—from the Esmeralda mining country in Nevada and, having an excellent wagon and a good team among his personal effects, besides some dozen head of cattle, concluded, time being no object, to come overland to Santa Barbara county. Of course he came by Bakersfield and Elizabeth lake. On the evening of the 15th day of July—the moon being then near its full—the little party encamped at the upper end of the lake, about half a mile west of the village. Mr. Simpson says that he noticed the peculiarly penetrating odor arising from the water. It seemed to float above the lake, and to fill the little valley with vague, undefinable forms of mist. His cattle were allowed to graze at large upon the grass-covered plain. About midnight, when all were soundly sleeping beneath the covered wagon, Mr. Simpson says he was awakened by a terrible commotion which seemed to come from out in the lake. There was an awful roaring, he said, like the muttering of distant thunder, accompanied by a peculiarly, loud, indescribable hissing noise. Of course Mr. Simpson arose at once and seized his Winchester, but he could see nothing. Far out in the lake was what seemed to be a black cloud, and below it the water was seething and boiling.

Seeing nothing to alarm him, Mr. Simpson again sought his blankets, but no sooner had he settled to sleep than there was a great rushing through the air as of mighty wings, and the wagon was lifted bodily from the ground, carried about twenty yards out into the plain and dropped, making the wheels a total wreck. There was an immediate stampede of stock, and the terrified family arose at once from their recumbent positions, but they only saw their stock scattering over the plain and a dark form whizzing through the air in the distance. The noise of rushing wings continued, growing fainter. Then all was still.

For a moment Mr. Simpson thought that he had encamped in the path of a cyclone. Thoroughly bewildered, with rifle in hand, he stood listening intently to the great silence which hung upon the desert, when from out that stillness there arose afar off the sound of a great conflict. Peter R. Simpson is a brave man, for across the desert he followed that sound. It seemed as though fifty battering rams were rattling together against the mailed sides of some moated fortress.

Arriving at the summit of a low knoll, Mr. Simpson paused and gazed down into a little valley below him—and all over the scene there fell a flood of warm southern moonlight.

The monster had come upon a drove of antelope sleeping in the gulch, and had at once attacked them. About ten feet from where Mr. Simpson stood a fine buck lay bleeding, bitten clean through at one stroke of the "thing's" horrid jaws. Around another buck the monster's wings seemed folded, while its long tail, barbed at the end, played around the pair incessantly, evidently seeking to transfix the antelope. Two other antelope were vigorously trying the effect of their short horns upon the scaly sides of the monster. Mr. Simpson's description of this "thing" is very succient: "It was about thirty feet long over all, I should judge," he said, "and of a warm red-dish color, with a long snout and jagged yellow teeth. It had enormous wings, rigged like those of a bat evidently, long hind legs and a long tail, with a seemingly hard, barbed point. From its head and neck fell a shaggy mane, and its huge eyes gleamed like two horrid fires."

For ten minutes Mr. Simpson stood as one fascinated by this strange conflict, and then, being a keen sportsman, he lifted his gun and took a shot at the monster. He heard the bullet strike, and rebound. Then, disturbed by the shot, the two antelopes took to flight, the beast in the grasp of the monster was transfixed a moment later, and the "thing" arose into the air, carrying its prey in its mouth, and made for the lake where it sank with a splash that must have been audible for miles.

There was no further disturbance that night. In the morning Mr. Simpson returned to the scene of the strange conflict and secured the carcass of the dead antelope. He also picked up some scales which his bullet or the horns of the antelope might have knocked from the sides of the monster. These scales are round, semi-transparent, about the size of dinner plates, and of a reddish glazed appearance, somewhat similar to ground glass. Mr. Simpson still has them in his possession.

Returning to camp, he collected his stock, dispatched one of his boys to the lake village, procured another wagon, and continued on his journey to Carpenteria, where he intends to reside permanently.

At the village he heard for the first time of the appearance to others beside himself of the Elizabeth lake monster.

Nothing Good Can Be Expected.

[Sacramento Bee.]

The infamous scheme to legislate the present Supreme Judges out of office has already been abandoned. The voice of an outraged and indignant people has been heard by the conspirators, and they dare not attempt to carry out their nefarious plan. Thus one of the principal features of the appropriation plot has come to naught. Perhaps the whole programme will fail. The plotters are discouraged. In the eyes of the people the projected assault upon the Supreme Court has cast suspicion upon the whole extra session programme. Nothing good can be expected from the clique that planned the overthrow of the Supreme Court.

SHORT WAR STORIES.

Some Gossip About Stoneman, Rosecrans, Kilpatrick and Stanley.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"I don't like Morrison's fling at the California Democrats," said a Pacific Coast man. "We gave Rosecrans his first boost politically, and we tied to Stoneman at the right time. The first time I ever saw Stoneman was when he joined Sherman's army at Tunnel Hill., Ga., under orders to report to General Schofield, commanding the Army of the Ohio. In front of Buzzard Roost, one day, Stoneman was seated on a camp-stool in front of Schofield's tent, when a staff officer galloped up and reported that if a section of a battery could be placed in a certain position, which he designated, it could do splendid execution on the Johnnies across the great gorge. 'Send up a mountain howitzer,' said Stoneman, shifting uneasily in his seat. 'Why, General,' replied Schofield, blandly, 'the distance is fully two miles, and howitzers would not be effective.' 'Yes they would—make a noise—scare hell out of 'em!'"

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"General Stoneman was a hard rider," remarked an old trooper. "He wouldn't cover as much ground in a single day, perhaps, as the dashing Kilpatrick, who was always resting or running, but he was always going. I rode with him in the spring of 1864 from Nicholasville, Ky., to Tunnel Hill, Ga., going by way of Somerset, Big Creek Gap, Kingston, Cleveland and Red Clay. We had about 6000 men and only one wagon, which was drawn by eight white mules. Rations for man, beast and carbines were carried on pack-mules. We would mount at daylight and ride an hour and a half, halt half an hour for breakfast, ride till noon, dismount, take dinner and a thirty minutes' nap, and at 1 o'clock were again in the saddle, pressing steadily ahead. At 5:30 o'clock there would be a short halt for rest, then onward till dark, when half an hour would be given for supper, and at "taps" the vast bivouac instantly became hushed. Thus from forty-five to fifty miles of rough mountain roads would be covered in a day, the animals seldom going at a faster gait than a walk.

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"Stoneman suffered intensely from the piles, which made him at all times very irritable. At Kington, Tenn., the junction of the Clinch and Tennessee rivers, we rested from our mountain ride for a couple of days, and for the first time headquarter tents were pitched. At midnight the camp was startled by the clattering of hoofs, lusty oaths and tumbling tents. A pack mule had got loose and invaded the General's quarters, and, springing from his bunk and seizing his saber, but not stopping to get into his clothes, he started after the intruder, slashing and swearing, the affrighted mule meantime tearing through guy ropes and mess kits, arousing everybody. I would like to have a photograph of Stoneman as he appeared chasing that mule."

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"Kilpatrick was quick to decide and swift in action," remarked a war correspondent. "One beautiful moonlight night I was in his camp north of the Chattahoochee. Lieutenant Northrup, of his staff, had been dispatched to Sherman's headquarters for orders. We were sitting on rustic benches, telling stories, laughing and smoking in genuine camp style, Kil. doing most of the talking. Presently, as Kilpatrick was in the middle of a story, Lieut. Northup rode up, dismounted, called him aside, and reported. The General walked slowly out to a low fence—we were encamped in a yard—looking up at the moon for not to exceed fifteen seconds—then turning, walked quickly back, summoned his Adjutant-General, Estes, gave his orders, and in five minutes resumed his seat and his story. Acting under those orders, delivered to brigade commanders within half an hour, the cavalry division forced a crossing at Sandtown at daylight, and made the memorable raid around Atlanta, cutting the railroad at Lovejoy's Station, and running the gauntlet of infantry and artillery in making its way back to the Union lines.

"Incidental to that raid, and illustrative of the close quarters in which we were at one time, I must tell you about Major William H. Day, a gallant staff officer, now a prominent lumber merchant at Dubuque, Iowa. He had a fine horse that on more than one occasion had beaten Kilpatrick's favorite saddle-horse in an after-supper brush, the owners riding. Day had also provided himself with an elegant saddle and a brace of silver-mounted pistols. At a turn in the road we found a blockade of fence rails, a masked battery, and the woods were alive with infantry. Day's horse was killed. Extricating himself in the very face—mouth is the usual term—of a rebel cannon, and drawing his saber, he cut the tugs attaching a skeleton artillery horse to a caisson, leaped upon its back, plied the spurs, and escaped unharmed. Major Day would give $1,000 for horse, saddle and holsters to-day."

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"I always had a grievance against Stanley," said a West Sider. "He always marched us at a gallop, as it were. But we got even with him on one occasion. Early in June, 1865, the Fourth Corps landed at Camp Chalmette, seven miles below New Orleans, on Jackson's old battle-ground. No provisions having been made for fuel, a convenient boarding-fence was pressed into the service. General Stanley was very angry when he learned of it, and ordered a detail from each offending regiment, armed with the men with axes, and sent them back into the Lake Pontchartrain swamps with orders to cut and fetch to camp enough timber to replace the destroyed fence. The boys had terrible luck with their axes that day. By the middle of the afternoon every helve was broken or the head had been lost in the mire of the swamps. The Chalmette fence was never rebuilt—at least not by the Fourth Corps."

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"That reminds me," said the war correspondent, "of an occurrence at Nashville that gave Stanley great pleasure. After the battle of Franklin, which was fought November 30, 1864, Gen. Hood invested Nashville, much as Sherman had, many months previous, invested Atlanta. That is to say, the lines of investment were semi-circular and parallel, the distance between them being from one to three miles, according to the conformation of the ground. One bright morning in December, before the days of fog and ice, a cavalcade of Confederate officers, in gay uniforms, and accompanied by a band, rode jauntily out in front of the intrenchments along the Granny White pike, and, taking a conspicuous position overlooking the valley between the two lines, were apparently enjoying themselves, the band meanwhile playing 'Who's Been Here Since I've Been Gone?' They made a splendid target, and the temptation was too strong for an officer of the Sixth Ohio Battery. Carefully training a section of his guns on the picnickers, he gave the order to me. Boom! boom! When the reverberations died away and the smoke lifted the music had ceased, and Confederate officers, orderlies and musicians could be seen scampering in all directions for cover. The pale smoke lazily rising from the exploded shells on the exact spot where they had been jubilating but a few moments before told the story."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

More About that Canadian Sleigh Ride.

LOST IN A BLINDING SNOW STORM

Driving in a Circle—Shooting a Deer—The Perils of a Winter in the Great North.

[*Continued.*]

Half an hour later the wind was blowing almost a hurricane. The great snowflakes fell swift and thick, and through the gray sky the wind tossed the leaves in whirling eddies, and they went sailing away like lost and broken-winged birds, finally falling flutteringly downward upon the drifting snow.

"I don't like the looks of this 'ere storm," said the old farmer. "It's getting mighty onsartin about our keeping the road. 'Taint so hard right here in the woods as 'twill be when we get out into the clearin'. Nothin' there to hinder the drifts."

"Yes, Job," replied his wife, "these Canadian winters don't please me, they come on so sudden like sometimes, when you aint in nowise looking for them. Its two or three days to November yet, an' the sun shone this morning as if it had not forgot about the summer days—it was so warm and pleasant like, I wouldn't a thought it possible it could snow afore night."

"Father," said John, "you'd best make Dollie and Dobbin measure the distance just as fast as they are able. 'Tisn't far home, to be sure, but we'll have a blind trail pretty soon, and we don't want to lose any daylight."

"To be sure! to be sure!" rejoined his father, and he pulled at the reins, jerking them nervously, and then he took out the whip and gave the horses a sharp stroke that sent them galloping along at a quick speed into the gray, snow-filled distance.

They left the great woods and came out into the wide cleared space that lay between them and their home. Here every landmark was obliterated. The snow was already drifting badly, and so thick and fast fell the feathery flakes that the whole sky and distance seemed wiped out. They were shut in by the curtains of the storm, which wrapped them about gray and ghastly, as if the clouds themselves had dropped down and were piled to the skies—a thin, impalpable wall which the vision could not penetrate.

It was beginning to grow dark when they again approached the boundary of the forest. They had been driving, as they thought, in a straight line toward home, and twenty minutes' further drive would bring them to their own door.

But, entering the wood and driving on a little distance, everything looked strange to them. They were in a tangle of bushes and thick underbrush. The great river's voice, which swept with sullen murmurs along the home roadside, was missing. The old blacksmith shop, which stood on a rocky ledge not far from the road, was not to be seen.

There was no sight of human habitation, no sound of life anywhere beyond their own little circle. But the wind was making itself heard louder than ever. It swept along, bowing the forest tops, and swaying the great boughs, and it threw the snow in blinding fury into their faces.

"Well, now, I declare to natur', we are off our track entirely," said good old Mr. Symonds to his wife. "I haven't any more idee where we are than the man in the moon. Have you, boys?" he asked anxiously, as he turned towards them.

"I'm inclined to think we've been driving round in a circle the last half an hour," said Elisha, "and all the arithmetic we had last winter won't help us to figure out just the point in its circumference that we've reached. And we shan't gain anything either in driving round on uncertainties. The best thing for us to do is to stop right here till it's done snowing."

"We've got our axes along, and we'll fix up a mansion for your mother in mighty short order," said John, cheerfully.

"This is not going to be a long storm. The wind is going down with the sun, and mebbe when the moon comes out we can find the lay of the land," said Mr. Symonds.

"Hold on, hush!" exclaimed Elisha, under his breath, as he hastily drew out his trusty rifle, sprang to the ground and took aim at some object but a few feet beyond them.

Bang! and the sharp echoes went ringing through the woods, and the boys, making their way hurriedly through the underbrush, found that Elisha had shot a fine young deer, whose horns had got caught in the thicket and held him fast.

"This is jolly!" they shouted to their mother; "plenty of venison for supper, and there's a whole store of good things left in the basket yet. We'll have a feast fit for a king and have a splendid camp-out to-night, in spite of the storm." Young hearts are light and young arms are strong, and in ten minutes there was a splendid fire blazing away under the shelter of a high rock, the wagon was drawn up, and formed another wall to their shelter; boughs were cut and poles laid across from the top of the rock to the limbs of some stout trees, and these were soon covered with thick boughs of hemlock, which formed a substantial roof above their heads.

"This is splendider than Robinson Crueso," said little Dan, as he watched the boys cut the tender juicy steaks for their supper, and toss them into the big frying-pan, which they had fortunately brought along for the convenience of their dinner picnic.

"It isn't as bad as might be," said his father with a smile, as he patted the curly head of the youngest of the household, yet I should a good deal prefer to be safely at home, my little man."

But this supper in the wide, dark forest, with the wild grandeur of the storm about them, just suited the boys. They cracked the merriest jokes while eating, rehearsed tales of marvellous adventures and indulged in an enthusiasm over the situation, such as would have done credit to Robin Hood in his gayest and most prosperous days.

As the sun had set, the wind had gradually subsided. The snow was still falling in white feathery masses, but half an hour after supper the full moon broke through the gray clouds and shed a flood of silvery radiance upon the little camp.

Then the boys proposed a brief reconnoisance, and set out, with their parents' permission, to see if they could discover any familiar landmark.

"How many times do you suppose we made the circuit of that clearing?" said John, at length. "Here we are, not more than fifty feet from the place where the road comes out from the woods into the opening—and, great Jupiter! we must have traveled right round and round for that last hour and a half, for we are only fifty feet nearer home than we were when we struck out of the woods."

The boys went back to camp and reported the situation to their father. He was hardly as much surprised as themselves, for this was not the first time that he had lost his way in the wilds of Canada. He recollected long days of battling with the storms of midwinter, in trackless solitudes, and battles with wild beasts that were ravenous with hunger, and he almost fancied that he again saw their fiery eyes gleaming at him out of the shadows of the wood.

In half an hour every vestige of the storm had passed away from the sky, and the full moon poured its flood of light on the snow-mantled earth and the vast, wide-sweeping forest. Gentle winds sighed through the branches, and on them the white snowflakes gleamed and glistened like light from fairyland.

"It is almost as bright as day," said Mr. Symonds, "and it's not more than four miles home. Just nine o'clock. I don't think it's necessary to stay here all night. We can find our way just about as well as if 'twere daylight, so I think we may as well start as soon as you can get the horses harnessed, boys."

"All right, father!"

(*To be Continued.*)

E. A. O.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

A Romance of that Great Trip from the Mountains to the Sea.

[Forsyth, Ga., Telegram.]

A pretty little romance, growing out of Sherman's march to the sea, has just culminated here in the marriage of David F. Rogers, of Logan, Kas., to Miss Donnie Woodman, a popular belle of this city. On the third night out of General Sherman's army from Atlanta, on its famous trip to Savannah, if camped on the plantation of J. T. Goodman, a wealthy citizen. It was a night of terror for those in the big farm house, who had heard exaggerated reports of the doings of the invaders. They watched through closed shutters, all night long, the camp-fire surrounding the place, not daring to speak above a whisper. Daylight found the column on the march again, and, as the last man disappeared, the children sallied forth to examine the deserted camp. Among the articles found was a knapsack, in which was a diary, which showed that its owner had served in a Kansas regiment from the first year of the war, and that his name was David F. Rogers, of Logan, Kan. Five years ago Miss Donnie, the youngest sister of Mr. Goodman, born since the war, paid him a visit and became deeply interested in the diary, which told the perilous story of a soldier's life. She wrote to the address, expressing her readiness to return the memento if its owner should still be alive. A grateful answer was received both from Mr. Rogers and his wife, Mrs. Mary Rogers. The two ladies thereafter kept up a pleasant correspondence. One year ago a letter, bordered in black, came from Mr. Rogers, in which he stated that his wife was dead; that at the urgent solicitation of his children he wrote his Southern friend the fact. Two weeks ago Miss Goodman received a second letter from Mr. Rogers, stating that he was about to make a business trip to North Carolina and that he would take occasion to call on her. Sunday brought the couple face to face. It was love at first sight. The visit was lengthened out until yesterday, when the couple clasped hands before the hymeneal altar and formed a union from which there is no secession.

BITS OF FUN.

Fish is good brain food, except in instances when it doesn't find anything to assimilate with.—[Burlington Free Press.

Winnipesaukee means "The smile of the Great Spirit." It will save winking in a drugstore, therefore, to simply ask for a "Winnipesaukee."

"Why an actor quit drink," is the heading of an article that is going the rounds. We haven't read it, but imagine it was because he was broke.—[Texas Siftings.

Now that creased pants and rough-edged paper are fashionable, the only thing needful to complete the editor's happiness is a craze for frayed cuffs.—[Burlington Free Press.

Officer (who has stepped on a dog): A thousand pardons, madame! I am indeed exceedingly sorry to have hurt the poor animal so much. Lady: Oh, never mind, it does not matter; it is not my dog.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "what is that man doing over there on Mr. Thompson's porch; he has been sitting on the steps for two hours and hasn't moved?" That, my child, is a housepainter. He is painting Mr. Thompson's house by the day."

Mrs. Fizzletop overheard her son Johnny swear like a trooper: "Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "who taught you to swear that way?" "Taught me to swear?" exclaimed Johnny, "why, its me who teaches the other boys."

A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work!" replied the father; "not at all; he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

Two Yankees were once describing the character of a third. One defended him and the other disparaged his honesty.

"Well," said the first, "you must admit he has lots of moral principle."

"He orter have," retorted the second, "for he never uses any."

In Paris—Judge (to prisoner): Have you something to add in your defense? Prisoner: Yes, Judge, I desire to have the new law applied to me. Judge: I don't understand you. Prisoner: I ask to be expelled from the country. I am an Orleans Prince.—[French fun.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The Methodist Training School for city, home and foreign missions, of Chicago, has been incorporated under the laws of the State.

The modern "Ethiculturalism"—that is, the teaching of morals without religion—is pronounced by President Eliot, of Harvard, an impossibility. If Liberalism can say this, how much more Orthodoxy?

The Reformed Episcopal Church is to have a theological seminary which is to be located at West Philadelphia. It starts out with a donation of $200,000 from a wealthy lady of Philadelphia.

Rabbi Sonneschein, of St. Louis, has been formally dismissed by the trustees of his congregation for "leaning towards Unitarianism." As in fundamentals there does not appear to be any great difference between the two "sects"—denial of the Trinity being at the foundation of both—we do not see any particular reason why they may not unite as a body on the platform of a denial of the divinity and sonship of Christ.

Laird Against Cobb.

Give ear to a poor but honest little ditty
Of a fight that was fought in Washington city.
Between two Congressmen, more's the pity.

Says Laird, M. C., to Cobb, M. C.,
"You're everything that's rank,
You crank, you!
Says Cobb, M. C., right violentlee,
"You're everything that's blank,
Blank blank you!"

Says Laird, M. C., to Cobb, M. C.,
"I'm aching for to pulverize you!
Blood, fury, and fire!"
Says Cobb, M. C., "Come out with me,
And I'll put crape over your eyes, you
Sanguineous liar!"

So Laird, M. C., and Cobb, M. C.,
Those shrill and snorting foes,
In martial manner
Went into the lobby angrilee,
And Laird, M. C., let out on the nose
Of Cobb of Injianee.

Cobb, M. C., weighs sixteen stone;
He collapsed down into a chair,
All gory,
And emitted a faint and hollow groan:
"Oh, give me arnica, give me air!"—
Gone was his glory.

Cobb, M. C.'s taken the chip off his shoulder,
Laird of Nebraska is bolder and bolder,
And both'll see] off when the weather gets colder.

—N. Y. Sun.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A Woman's Paper on Personal Purity,

READ BEFORE THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

A Crying Need of Legislation Pointed Out—Raise the "Age of Consent"—Monstrosity of the Present Law.

Seated with a group of friends, on the beach, watching the breakers roll in, our desultory talk ranging from hairpins to heroism, we came finally to speak of a subject then interesting England, and, indeed, all hearts everywhere that lay claim to a common humanity—that of the Pall Mall Gazette and its discourses. Just what were Editor Stead's personal motives, and whether he took the best and wisest way to institute a needed reform, were matters of our talk quite irrelevant here, but, as women, we were all agreed that, in spite of Mrs. Grundy—walking wet-blanket as she is—it were silly preaching to refuse to read the copies of the Gazette, reprinted here. If the matters published were true, and the horrible things therein related had happened and might again—away with the false modesty that would forbid the mothers, sisters and friends of young girls from thoroughly knowing their dangers—feeling this deeply, I was glad when a copy of Mr. Stead's paper fell into my hands. I had been led to believe that its perusal would disgust by its coarseness, whereas, on the contrary, the dreadful stories were told with all possible delicacy of phrase, and only the facts themselves were revolting in their hideous possibility. Unfit for general reading, the paper undeniably was, as are certain medical works, yet demanding the careful attention of every man and woman of maturity.

There is no need here to go into those details. Most of you have read or heard enough of them to fill your woman's hearts with horror unspeakable, with a pity that fills the eyes with tears, and a righteous rage that dries them in the fire of an indignation, alas, almost helpless.

To you, doubtless, as to myself, and any other true blue Americans, came the thought, born in thankfulness, that here at least, in this home of free women and land of brave men, things were very different, and of course much better; that here girlish ignorance and womanly virtue were more securely guarded.

Let us see if we have cause for self-congratulation. From various sources we gather these pregnant facts: Our laws are largely based upon those of England, with such omissions, additions and amendments as are deemed necessary. The laws regarding the violation of chastity in the old days of William the Conqueror were severe and the punishment of the ravisher was death, but in the time of Edward I the penalty was reduced to two years of imprisonment and a small fine. Later yet, the crime was regarded as a felony unless the victim—say, rather, *child*—was over 12 years of age, after which she was supposed to be able to judge perfectly of the matter, and the guilty one usually went scot free by pleading the so-called "consent" of a 12-year-old girl. And this law, made by men who had daughters of their own, made no discrimination as to how this consent was obtained—whether through sheer ignorance, by fraud, by fear or by force. Unless this little child-woman died in the defense of a chastity that she was as yet too young to understand, she was adjudged "guilty." So great was the indignant feeling raised in England by the knowledge of these laws that, though prosecuting the man who turned the white light of public opinion upon this monstrous thing, they yet, almost by acclamation, raised this "age of consent" as the legal phrase is—to 18 years, by which time most girls know the meaning of virtue and its pricelessness. And yet, even with this law's protection against absolute outrage, how countless are the temptations in the path of any girl whose lot it is, unsheltered, to earn her bread in any large city. All the little pleasures and "good times" that come purely and plentifully to the young girl in the home of wealth, and under the care of parents and brothers, are with the working girl attended by a thousand opportunities for the first unguarded step, leading down a mighty staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom, and down that staircase she goes day by day, hour by hour, sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, sometimes stopping, but oh! so seldom turning back! Turning to the laws of our country, I quote from a paper written by Georgia Mark, LL. B. "Most of our State laws, though modeled on those of England, have gone backward, and following the statute of Elizabeth, have fixed the age of consent at ten years." Think of that, mothers of ten-year old daughters! "Sentimentalists and poets talk of woman's superior chastity and have much to say of her natural purity, while the law does not recognize it, collects it, and weighs evidence against it, and unless a woman dies, in the attempt to preserve her honor, her innocense is but rarely and hardly proven to a jury of men." These are

Farm and Range.

Westminster Crop Report.

Correspondence of the Mirror.]

Bee-men from the cañons report that while the quantity of honey blossoms has been above the average, continued cool, overcast weather, particularly early in the season, caused them to contain little honey. As the result, honey has been extracted every other week, instead of every week, as is customary; and most apiaries have made, or are now making their last extraction for the season, while ordinarily they run up to the middle of August. This indicates less than half a crop for southern Los Angeles county, though San Francisco dealers announce "prices will rule low owing to an unprecedented yield." Producers are inclined to hold their crop for an advance. The grape crop is exceptionally promising here this year; the vines set very full with long compact clusters, and there has been no trouble from blight. Raisin varieties are the only grapes grown here; and they are such a complete success that a large acreage will be set in Muscats in this township another spring.

Apples, peaches, pears and plums are a light crop this year, the trees apparently taking a rest after excessive bearing the past two seasons. Apricots ripened here and in Garden Grove, and the crop was disposed of before they began ripening at Orange, Santa Ana or Tustin.

Everything in this township is making fine growth. Healthier vineyards and orchards can not be found anywhere—richest green color and making fine growth; this is true of last spring's planting, as well as those planted years ago. People here find it a very valuable point to be able to get water whenever they want it by merely uncapping their flowing wells. There is no loss of vineyard or orchard or crop because they can't get water when needed. And right here comes in Westminster's strong point. At other points in this valley young vineyards are drying up because of the scarcity of water, and it is feared many will die. Here an ever-flowing well costs less than the price of water stock in other sections; and when secured every man is his own water company. There are now over 160 flowing wells here.

Large numbers of blue gums were planted here last winter, and like everything else are doing well. Corn, alfalfa and potatoes always thrive here—this year is no exception. The hay crop has been heavy and is now being baled.

Women in Horticulture.

B. Gott in Toronto Globe.]

In no department of work can the division of labor be more distinctly seen or more acceptably performed, than in that of gardening. Even in this age of improvement, there are, in horticulture, duties and operations that are emphatically hard work, and that require for their performance the well-tried and hardened muscle of the man in all his effectiveness. There are, too, lighter and more pleasing duties and operations, that will be satisfied for their performance with the delicate and nimble fingers and the ready wit and skill of man's best companion. Although this, at first sight, may appear to be a division of labor, yet it will be found to be a most admirable and encouraging joint labor, tending in its main effects to the general good, and to advance and promote the best interests and highest perfection of the whole.

It is unquestionably the duty and privilege of the true man to cheerfully perform the heavier work of the garden and the orchard. Perhaps he may receive some timely and discerning help in the selection and general surroundings of the site, in the lay and exposure, or the composition of the ground, etc., etc. But further than this, he should, by no means, look for assistance from this quarter in the heavier duties of outside work, as the removal of obstacles, or the breaking up or preparation of the soil. These are the heavy and manly duties of life, and the true man will glory in their performance. What then, my fair readers may be ready to ask, what then would you have us to do? We are happy to know that there are, in our progressive horticulture and in its many and varied operations and services, many fine opportunities for the exercise of feminine skill and ability, so that none need be turned idly away. Here there is room for all that may apply, and the rewards are gratifying and pleasant.

SERVICES SUITABLE FOR WOMEN.

Light weeding or cleaning young plants, both vegetable and flower, when it can be done with a light hoe, will be found a not very burdensome service for them to do during the early spring and summer months. Dressing, training, and staking and labelling plants on the borders and beds, fruit, vegetable, flowering or ornamental, are duties peculiarly fitted to their hands; as this work readily calls forth their skill and intelligence in daily action. Again, vineyard trellising, tying up, training and pruning the vines and bringing out their best results in large, handsome bunches of beautiful fruit, are works peculiarly fitted and enjoyable to them during the summer months. There are thousands of bright, active and intelligent females, who, if the example was once set them as it is in older countries, would be delighted with this sort of work; and would be far happier and better for doing it in our gardens and vineyards, than elbowing each other for places either in kitchen, or factory or the shops in our over-crowded cities. We believe also that the moral aspect of the question will commend itself to the better judgment of the reflective. But, again, it is well known the high estimate that is generally placed upon female service as fruit pickers. Here they have the entire preference, and they have the happy faculty of making it very pleasant and profitable. A small fruit-grower told me a short time ago, in answer to my inquiries respecting his help in picking, that he employed mostly women and girls for his strawberries and raspberries; that he greatly preferred their services to that of boys or even men; that they were more constant and steady and reliable in their work; and that the results gave better satisfaction to him and his market, as the quality of the fruit in the boxes was more uniform and better selected, and less injury had been done to the plants. He found that their boxes, on account of the careful picking, had always a better appearance; and the baskets could be at once turned on to the market without any further examination. He found, too, that they would do more work in a day on account of their steady efforts, and as they were paid so much per basket, they were encouraged in earning good wages.

In gathering and packing other fruits, as peaches, plums, cherries, and grapes, those finer and more luscious samples of our rich fruit products, female hands are the best hands that can be had for the purpose, and will give the best satisfaction to the grower and shipper. It is well known how careful is the manipulation required on these fine and tender fruits; and the rough hands of boys, or even men, sometimes bruise them and spoil their fine appearance for the market. As wreath and bouquet makers their preeminence is acknowledged and undisputed. In this department of public and family service, the qualifications requisite are a fine taste, and good knowledge of form and combinations of color. The higher the attainments the better the work and more valuable the results; as perfection here is entirely a matter of taste on the part of the operator. In this there can be no competition with men, as they have neither the patience nor the skill to dispute their sisters' right of acceptable service.

But valuable in all these varied departments of our rural industries as is friendly feminine helpfulness, it is, nevertheless, in the home and its surroundings and essential enjoyments, that her chief and most appreciative sphere of usefulness lies. How many a beautiful growing tree, and gay and handsome flower-pot on many a beautiful and well-kept lawn, surrounding the family home with attractive grace and beauty, do we owe to feminine influence and help! We know her power here is past our computation, and her influence for good everywhere noticeable. We may not lightly esteem or pass by as a matter of course, those rich and varied delicacies that daily come upon our tables in the shape of well-provided preserves, jams and marmalades in their endless make ups from our fruits. Talk about

PRESERVING FACTORIES,

canning factories, or drying factories, and their superb products, but give us a can of fruit that flavors strongly of home and appreciated feminine services, and to our taste it has the proud preference and ever will. Her fine perception and her skillful knowledge and attainments will, in every case, give a ready demand for the products and works of her hands.

LIVE STOCK.

A Number of Animal Ailments.

American Agriculturist.]

HOOVE.

Hoove is a distention of the rumen, or first stomach, by gas from undigested food. This condition may arise from weakness of the digestive organs or unusual indigestibility of the food, or both. Prevention is better than cure, and is accomplished by strengthening the digestive organs, and keeping the animal from eating indigestible food, especially that which will rapidly ferment. Hoove rarely occurs at any season other than spring, because the causes which produce it rarely exist at other seasons; and, therefore, it is most important to take preventive measures now. Cattle that have been poorly fed and sheltered during the winter, require the most care, as they are weakened, and also more apt to gorge themselves with green food. All cattle should be carefully fed, and perhaps given some medicine, as, even under the most favorable conditions, the long course of winter feeding and confinement reduces the vigor of the digestive process. Make the change from dry to green food gradually. The first day do not leave the cattle on the grass longer than an hour; and increase the time by half an hour each day for a week, when they may be allowed on the pasture all day. But it is doubtful if cattle should ever be allowed on pasture until the dew is off; certainly not until late in the season, and not even then on rank red clover. The moisture hastens fermentation and increases the danger. It is well to keep hay where the cattle can nibble at it, as they will when they come from the best of pasture. Keep salt in a trough in the pasture. Cattle will not eat too much salt when it is kept before them.

If the disease is noticed in its early stages, relief may usually be given by administering chloride of lime, in from two to four drachm doses. If you have not the chloride of lime, give a teaspoonful of pulverized charcoal in half a pint of sweetened milk or water, every fifteen minutes, until relief is afforded. If these remedies fail, lose no time in getting a veterinary to puncture the stomach with a trochar. If a veterinary can not be had in time, try puncturing the stomach yourself, as the animal will die unless relieved. Use a sharp-pointed knife, and make the incision midway between the hips and the last rib in the left flank, and about three inches below the level of the top of the back. Insert a pipe-stem, or better a goose-quill in the opening, to prevent the food in the rumen getting into the cavity of the abdomen and causing inflammation. Afterwards give the animal a stimulating draught—say an ounce of powdered ginger and a teaspoonful of strong ammonia water in a bottle of tepid water.

AN INJURED FOOT.

Horses' feet are compelled to travel through so many rough places, they are constantly receiving injuries more or less serious. These injuries generally come from thorns, splinters, or jagged rocks, but sometimes from caulking, by stepping one foot upon the other. In the event of a foreign substance getting in the foot, the remedy is slow work, and a poultice, with sufficient cutting when necessary to loosen the article that makes the trouble. If the injury comes from caulking, there must be rest, and the horse's system toned up first with mild cathartics, and then sufficient cooling and nourishing food. A liberal pasture is the best possible place for such a patient.

HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES IN PIGS.

With pigs this trouble is seldom seen, and then is only the outcome of some constitutional disturbance. They are the result of an abnormal development of the veins of the rectum, and are usually very sensitive and painful, and in extreme cases the rectum protrudes. When the presence of these hemorrhoids is discovered, it will generally be found that the pig is also suffering from fever and constipation. Administer a cooling and laxative drench; afterwards a sedative, and let the diet be of a laxative nature. The local treatment consists of crushing the tumers or excising them by means of ligatures, and applying astringent or caustic washes. An animal that has once suffered from piles is not necessarily liable to a return of the attack.

PINK-EYE—INFLUENZA.

Pink eye is a term commonly given to inflammations about the eyes or nostrils of the horse, but in most cases the ailment can be directly traced to an influenza which of itself assumes a variety of symptoms. The first attention is usually attracted by the dumpishness or debility of the horse; the eye becomes red or bloodshot and the lids swollen, and the light pains them. The hind legs swell and other parts of the body become dropsical. The first thing is to get the patient into a clean, dry stall, where he can get pure air. If limbs are cold, rub and bandage them, or use liniments. Give the following drench: Sulphur, five drachms; cream of tartar, two drachms; salt, one ounce. Mix these with flaxseed tea.

POULTRY.

There is some difference of opinion expressed as to the length of time fowls can live without food or water. We have just heard of a hen that was accidentally closed up in an attic, from the first week in March until the fifteenth of May, when, by chance, she was found. The poor thing was almost dead, but, on being cared for, slowly revived and is now able to get about again. The suffering she endured from starvation must have been intense, as she was terribly distorted in appearance and was almost as light in weight as feathers.

In Germany, if false information is given to a newspaper reporter, he can collect damages of its author.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The Nerves of Taste.—The discovery that heat influences one set of nerve-points in the skin while sensations of cold are received by another set, has been followed by an interesting investigation by two Italian physiologists, whose experiments seem to indicate that the various tastes result from the exciting of distinct sets of nerve-fibres in the tongue. The prolonged application of ice removed the sensibility for all tastes—sweet, sour, salt and bitter. Cocaine destroyed—temporarily, of course—sensibility for bitter only. Other substances, such as caffeine and morphia, reduced the power of discriminating between different degrees of bitter. Dilute sulphuric acid had a peculiar effect, causing distilled water and even quinine to taste sweet at the tip of the tongue, although the bitter of the quinine was elsewhere tasted as usual.

A curious export of New Zealand is a peculiar fungus which grows on the trees in some sections, and which is sold only in China, where the demand is rapidly increasing. Its uses do not seem to be well understood, but English officials have reported that it is employed as a blood-purifying medicine, as food in soups, and as a dye.

The Prince of Gondal, ruler of an independent native State of India, is taking a two years' course in medicine and natural science at the University of Edinburgh, his avowed purpose being to better fit himself to govern his people.

At a late meeting of the Microscopical Society of London, Prof. F. J. Bell gave an account of what he regarded as the most extraordinary biological discovery of the last twenty-five years—that of a third eye at the top of the head of certain lizards.

In a new electric battery, by a London inventor, the current is generated by the action of chlorine gas on zinc. Very important advantages are claimed.

Moisture in Bread.—In the opinion of Messrs. Wanklyn and Cooper, English food analysts, the proportion of moisture contained in bread offered for sale should be a matter of Government regulation. When well made, bread should contain about thirty-four per cent. of water, but in practice the proportion very often reaches and even exceeds forty per cent., the bakers thus making sixty pounds of bread solids do duty for sixty-six pounds. It is remarked that bread which is too moist is prone to grow mouldy, and some years ago a serious outbreak of disease in the French army was traced to the poisonous character of a quantity of over-moist bread. This suggests the question whether there are not many deaths which might be traced to similar poisoning, and leads to the recommendation of suitable legislative restrictions when practicable.

The Disease of Sleep.—A curious and fatal malady, called lethargus, has been described as peculiar to the negroes in certain districts of the western coast of Africa. The patient, usually a male adult, falls asleep in spite of his efforts to overcome the sudden drowsiness with which he is seized without warning, and slumbers in a perfectly natural manner for about twenty-one days, when death invariably occurs. He may be aroused for brief periods to take nourishment, and shows no indication of disease except the abnormal tendency to sleep.

Many of the finer transparent soaps in the English market are said by Wright to be quite free from the glycerine which they are represented to contain, sugar, which is very cheap and seems to be as well adapted to making transparent soap, being substituted.

A new white alloy, containing ten parts of tin and one hundred of aluminum, is recommended by Bourbouze for instruments requiring lightness. Its specific gravity is 3.85, it can be easily soldered, and is not readily corroded.

Improved Vaccination.—As protection by ordinary vaccination is not secured until after the lapse of thirteen or fourteen days—that is, a period at least equal to that required for smallpox to develop—it has been considered of no use after symptoms of the disease have appeared, or in those persons who have been already infected. But by a modified method, a Russian medical student, M. Gubert, claims to make such late vaccination effective. In experiments on dogs he has rapidly saturated the system with protective virus by several successive daily inoculations with calf lymph, by which means he has succeeded in bringing the vaccination process to completion within four or five days. This result has enabled him to arrest the development of smallpox in twenty-seven persons in whom he was quite sure the disease was incubating, while in twelve others the disease was modified to simple varioloid.

A common cause of blindness is opacity of the cornes, to overcome which various means have been tried. The new plan of circular cauterization of the cornea with an electrically heated wire is reported to be proving very successful in France, where, in one case, eighteen months of this treatment restored vision to eyes which had been sightless for fourteen years.

In experiments at Berlin, a new description of shell, charged with rolls of gun-cotton, is reported to have produced such extraordinarily destructive effects that no kind of defensive works can be expected to resist it.

The discovery that zymotic diseases are due to germs appears to be less modern than many may suppose, the germ theory having been advanced as the only plausible explanation of such affections in a work published in 1721 by Dr. Goiffon, of Lyons.

The mean annual rainfall of India, according to the Government meteorologist, is about forty-two inches, varying from nearly five hundred inches at Cherra Poonjee to about three inches at Jacobabad.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

Of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Order to show cause why order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF S. H. Towne, deceased.—Julia A. Towne, Administratrix of the estate of S. H. Towne, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order of sale of the real estate and personal property of said decedent, for the purposes therein set forth, and also for an order determining and setting apart to said Julia A. Towne her separate interest in the real property described in said petition, it is therefore ordered by the said court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court on

Monday, the 23d day of August, 1886,

at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Superior Court at the court houses in the city and county of Los Angeles, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary, and the personal property aforesaid, and for an order setting apart the separate estate aforesaid.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the Los ANGELES DAILY TIMES, a newspaper printed and published in said county of Los Angeles.

Dated July 27, 1886.

A. BRUNSON, Superior Judge.

Filed July 27, 1886.

CHAS. H. DUNSMOOR, Clerk.

By F. B. FANNING, Deputy Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Samuel Sampson, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Samuel Sampson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Wells, Van Dyke & Lee, Rooms 11 to 16, Baker Block, Los Angeles, Cal., that being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the said county of Los Angeles.

JAMES A. FISHER,

Administrator of the estate of Samuel Sampson, deceased.

Dated at Los Angeles, Cal., July 22, 1886.

Wells, Van Dyke & Lee, Attorneys for Administrator.

CATARRH!

A NEW TREATMENT.

Consumption and Bronchitis CURED BY INHALATION.

Blood Diseases of All Kinds, Diseases of Women, as well as all Chronic Complaints, Treated Specially and Successfully by

W. N. DAVIS, M. D

M. C. P. S. O.,

Graduate of Chicago Homeopathic College, Chicago, and College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, Toronto, Canada.

DIPLOMAS HANG IN OFFICE.

CATARRH

Treated upon a new principle, founded upon the fact now generally acknowledged by the most scientific men, that the disease is caused by the presence of living parasites in the tissues. The parasites can be demonstrated by aid of the microscope, and will present the appearance given below:

(Parasites from nose magnified 48 times.

The disease is first located in the anterior part of the nose, and the patient seems to have a cold in the head from which he is scarcely ever free. This gradually extends to the posterior nares, and mucous is drawn back into the throat, or merely drops into the throat, especially in the morning. There is often a desire to clear the throat, especially before speaking.

In some cases ulceration very soon commences, which may involve the bones of the nose or face, and pieces of bone may be discharged. The breath may become so offensive as to make the sufferer a burden to himself and isolate him from society.

So various are the symptoms that the patient is often unaware that he has chronic catarrh, and attributes the trouble to merely a cold, and thinks it will soon pass off, and his mistake is not recognized until such symptoms become apparent as denote the rapid progress of the disease to the lungs. The head is often affected, causing vertigo or dizziness, impaired memory, despondency, etc.

Very many cases of indigestion and bowel troubles are due to catarrh, and can be very readily cured.

The doctor makes a suppository that is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles.

Ninety per cent of cases of catarrh, whether of one or forty years' standing, can be permanently cured by this system.

Chronic Bronchitis is merely catarrh of the lungs, and can readily be cured by Inhalations, combined with constitutional remedies for the liver and blood and to build up the general system.

CONSUMPTION.

This disease was formerly looked upon as incurable, but that opinion, which is as old as the disease, is now modified, as every physician of successful experience has seen cases recover under his treatment, and now some hope is generally held out to the patient if only one lung is badly diseased.

Since some of the victims of this terrible malady discover, the question of importance to be considered is what course of treatment will be the best for him, or will he depend on the climate alone? The latter idea should be abandoned at once, for that is often the fatal mistake, and many are the cases that would have recovered if nature had been assisted in expelling the sticky or hardened mucous from the lungs. The climate could then better exert its beneficial influence.

The inhalation treatment meets all the requirements whereby the healing remedies reach directly the seat of the disease, and will ease the cough, facilitate expectoration, contract and heal cavities, as well as promote healthy and refreshing sleep. With this system the patient often recovers after all hope by other means has been abandoned.

With every case of lung disease the proper constitutional remedies should be administered to build up the general system.

The treatment can be used at home without detention from business.

The following testimonials will show the rapidity with which we can cure diseases of our specialty. Hundreds of these can be seen at office:

This is to certify that I am a regularly qualified physician, but not practicing, and have always believed catarrh of chronic nasal variety to be an incurable affliction, but hearing of Dr. W. N. Davis' "New Treatment," and his success, I applied to him for medicine, and determined to try it, in the case of one of my friends, and did so with the most satisfactory results, as improvement was immediate, and one prescription effected a cure. The case was of four years' standing and of a very severe type. I can recommend Dr. Davis to those similarly affected.

S. HALEY, M. D.

Los Angeles, Aug. 1st, 1885.

January 2, 1886, Dr. Haley testifies that the case he treated five months ago is still a cure. Dr. Haley is now practicing law at 45½ N. Spring st.

This is to certify that I was troubled with catarrh of the dry variety for about five years, since three years before I came to California, and, in one month I feel that I have been entirely cured by your remedies.

PETER NIES.

Los Angeles, July 4, 1885. P. O. Box 825.

This is to certify that I was troubled for six years with what seemed to be an incurable disease that had resisted the abilities of some of the best physicians of San Bernardino, Los Angeles and San Francisco. I then determined to try homeopathy, and consulted Dr. W. N. Davis, 45½ N. Spring st., Los Angeles, and within two months I was entirely cured. S. S. BALL.

Anaheim, Cal.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 14, 1885.

DR. W. N. DAVIS—Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the benefit I have received from your Homeopathic remedies, which I consider almost miraculous.

I was troubled for three years with a complication of dis eases which had baffled the skill of ten allopathic physicians. Some said I had Bright's disease, others spinal disease, and others heart disease.

I was troubled with pains all over my body, was confined to the house and was almost paralyzed. Now, after treating with you for little over a month, I am free from pain, and can walk half a mile without difficulty. I go to church and sit through service with no inconvenience, which I could not do before.

I am still improving in strength, and think in a few weeks more I will be a well woman.

Thanking you for what you have done for me, I am, yours truly,

MRS. MARY LOUTHAN,
No. 422 South Los Angeles st.

October 20, 1885, Mrs. Louthan testifies that she is entirely cured.

This is to certify that I have been troubled for four years with bronchitis, and in six weeks I have been almost entirely cured by Dr. W. N. Davis, and have had no suffocative attacks since I commenced treatment.

I can recommend Dr. Davis to any who are troubled with the lungs or throat.

MRS. M. S. STEVENS,
Ninth st., near Pearl.

Los Angeles, Jan. 27, 1886.

This is to certify that I have employed Dr. Davis with very satisfactory results, and would recommend him as a physician to any of my lady friends.

MRS. M. J. BUHLER,
Washington st., near Rosedale Cemetery.

Los Angeles, Feb. 3, 1886.

DR. DAVIS: If it were not for you I am satisfied that I would now be dead with lung disease, which had troubled me for two years as at the time I commenced treatment last summer I was so low that I could not continue my trip East after starting, and was obliged to return from Mojave. I wish to testify that I was entirely cured in three months, and found your charges very reasonable.

MRS. H. P. MERSEREAU,
22 Bernard street.

Los Angeles, Feb. 3, 1886.

Mr. James O'Neal, proprietor of Railroad Restaurant, Santa Monica, says:

"I was cured of catarrh of stomach of eight years' standing by Dr. Davis in one month."

G. H. Miller, Lakeville, Ore., was cured in one month of a serious case of catarrh of many years' standing.

F. P. Woodward, Denver, Col., says: "After trying the climate of Southern California for three months, with no benefit, I put myself under the care of Dr. Davis for chronic bronchitis of five years' standing, and in two months was entirely cured."

John Williams, a prominent resident of Chicago, came to California for, as he supposed, an incurable case of consumption, and put himself at once under the care of Dr. Davis. He says, in a letter to the doctor:

"Your inhalations helped me so much during my short stay in Los Angeles that I have since felt twenty years younger. As soon as I close my business I intend to return to your glorious climate. Please send me some more medicine for inhalation," etc.

CONSULTATION FREE.

A Treatise upon Catarrh and Lung Diseases will be sent free upon application. Medicines can be sent by mail or express to any address upon receiving a description of your case.

OFFICE HOURS—9 a. m. to 12:30 p. m., 3 to 5:30 p. m.

W. N. DAVIS, M. D.,

45½ North Spring Street,

Over the People's Store, Los Angeles, Cal.

Lines of Travel.

CALIFORNIA SOUTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

ALL RAIL LINE BETWEEN NATIONAL City, San Diego and Los Angeles and points East and West.

Close connection at Barstow with Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and at Los Angeles with Southern Pacific Railroad.

TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect SUNDAY, June 20.

		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Los Angeles	Leave	7.00	9.10	5.00
San Gabriel	"	7.20	9.30	5.20
Pomona	"	8.15	10.20	6.10
Colton	Arrive	9.00	11.10	*7.00
Colton	Leave		11.15	7.50
Citrus	"		11.35	8.05
Perris	"		12.05	8.30
Fall Brook	Arrive		1.35	12.30
*Fall Brook	Leave		1.85	12.45
Oceanside	"		2.45	3.15
San Diego	"		4.30	6.05
National City	Arrive		4.50	6.30
Colton	Leave	9.15		
San Bernardino	"	9.40		
Victor	"	12.06		
Barstow	Arrive	1.30		
		P. M.		
Barstow	Leave	2.55		
Victor	"	4.06		
San Bernardino	"	6.05		
Colton	Arrive	6.35		
			A. M.	P. M.
National City	Leave		8.35	10.00
San Diego	"		8.45	10.43
Oceanside	"		10.36	2.16
*Fall Brook	Arrive		11.30	
Fall Brook	Leave		12.40	2.30
Perris	"		1.07	2.55
*Colton	Arrive		2.00	7.30
Colton	Leave	7.00	2.15	3.00
Pomona	"	7.50	3.02	3.55
San Gabriel	"	8.40	3.52	9.45
Los Angeles	Arrive	9.00	4.15	10.00

BETWEEN COLTON AND SAN BERNARDINO

		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Colton	Ly	7.40	11.25	2.10	7.25
San Bernardino	Ar	7.50	11.35	2.20	7.35
San Bernardino	Lv	7.00	10.55	1.40	7.00
Colton	Ar	7.10	11.05	1.50	7.10

RIVERSIDE BRANCH.

		Mix'd A. M.	Mix'd P. M.	Pass. A. M.
Colton	Leave	10.00	7.15	11.35
Citrus	"	10.15	7.30	11.50
Riverside	Arrive	10.30	8 00	11.40
				P. M.
Riverside	Leave	8.25	5.30	1.30
Citrus	"	8.45	5.45	1.40
Colton	Arrive	9.00	6.00	2.00

* Meal stations.

Trains are run on Pacific standard time.

Pullman Sleepers leave on 7 a. m. train, via Barstow, for Kansas City, via A. and P. and A., T. and S. F. R. R., and on 5 p. m. train for San Diego. Special rates on round trip tickets to all local points.

For rates of freight or fare address California Southern agents at local stations, or

H. B. WILKINS,
General Freight and Passenger Agent,
San Diego, Cal.

J. N. VICTOR,
Superintendent, Colton, Cal.

WILLIAMSON DUNN,
General Agent, Los Angeles, Cal.

Southern Pacific Company.

Time Schedule.

THURSDAY, June 10, 1886.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at

LOS ANGELES

AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
2:40 p.m.	Colton	12:01 p.m
4:30 p.m.	Colton	9.10 a.m
2:40 p.m.	Deming and El Paso Emigrant	12:01 p.m
2:40 p.m.	East Emigrant	12:01 p.m
2:40 p.m.	El Paso and East	12:01 p.m
12:30 p.m	San Francisco Express	2:10p.m
12:30 p.m.	Sacramento Emig'rant	2:10p.m
*2:50 a.m.	Santa Ana and Anaheim	*3:15p.m
4:20 p.m.	Santa Ana and Anaheim	8.40a m
9:30 a.m.	Santa Monica	8:15 a.m
*5:10 p.m.	Santa Monica	*4:30p.m
†5:50 p.m.	Santa Monica	†5:20p.m
9:40 a.m.	Long Beach, Wilmington & San Pedro	5:10p.m
5:45 p.m.	Long Beach, Wilmington & San Pedro	8:25a m

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

A change has taken place in the receipt and dispatch of mails on line of railway, Los Angeles and San Pedro branch. Hereafter mails will be dispatched to Florence, Compton, Long Beach, Wilmington and San Pedro daily on train leaving Los Angeles at 9:20 a. m., and received at 5:15 p. m.

T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.

E. E. HEWITT, Ass't Sup't, Los Angeles

Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley RAILWAY.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at Downey Avenue Depot as follows:

Leave For	DESTINATION.	Arrive From
† 8:15 am	Pasadena & Lamanda Park	†10:30 am
† 3:10 pm	Pasadena & Lamanda Park	† 5.00 pm
† 5:25 pm	Santa Anita	† 8:00 am
*10:30 am	Santa Anita	* 9:15 am
* 5:40 pm	Santa Anita	* 4:45 pm

† Daily except Sundays. * Sundays only.

L. BLANKENHORN,
Gen. Fgt. and Pass. Agt.

S. P. JEWETT, General Manager.

P. C. S. S. CO.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

SOUTHERN ROUTES.

TIME TABLE FOR JULY:

Steamers.	COMING SOUTH. Leave San Francisco.	COMING SOUTH. Arrive San Pedro.	GOING NORTH. Leave San Pedro.	GOING NORTH. Arrive San Francisco.
Orizaba	June 28	June 30	July 2	July 4
Eureka	" 30	July 2	" 3	" 6
G. W. Elder	July 1	" 3	" 5	" 7
Santa Rosa	" 4	" 6	" 8	" 10
Los Angeles	" 6	" 7	" 9	" 11
Orizaba	" 7	" 9	" 11	" 13
Eureka	" 9	" 11	" 12	" 15
G. W. Elder	" 10	" 12	" 14	" 16
Santa Rosa	" 13	" 15	" 17	" 19
Los Angeles	" 14	" 16	" 17	" 20
Orizaba	" 16	" 18	" 20	" 22
Eureka	" 18	" 20	" 21	" 24
G. W. Elder	" 19	" 21	" 23	" 25
Santa Rosa	" 22	" 24	" 26	" 28
Los Angeles	" 23	" 25	" 26	" 29
Orizaba	" 25	" 27	" 29	" 31
Eureka	" 27	" 29	" 30	Aug. 2
G. W. Elder	" 28	" 30	Aug. 1	" 3
Santa Rosa	" 31	Aug. 3	" 4	" 6

Steamers Santa Rosa, Orizaba and Geo. W. Elder go through to San Diego, leaving San Pedro on the dates of their arrivals from San Francisco.

The Santa Rosa, Orizaba and Geo. W. Elder call at Santa Barbara, and Port Harford (San Luis Obispo) only on the route to and from San Francisco.

Cars to connect with steamers leave S. P. R. R. depot, Los Angeles, as follows:

With Santa Rosa, Orizaba and Geo. W. Elder, at 9:40 o'clock a. m.

With Los Angeles and Eureka, going north, at 5:45 o'clock p. m. railroad time.

Rates of Fare

FROM LOS ANGELES.

	Cabin.	Steerage.
To San Francisco	$15 00	$10 00
To San Francisco and return	26 20	
FROM SAN PEDRO WHARF		
To Monterey or Santa Cruz	14 00	8 80
To San Simeon	12 00	9 00
To Cayucos	11 80	9 00
To Port Harford	10 80	8 00
To Gaviota	9 00	7 00
To Santa Barbara	6 00	5 00
To San Buenaventura	5 00	4 00
To San Diego	5 00	4 00

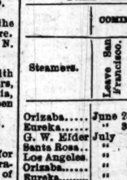
Plans of steamers' cabins at agent's office, where berths may be secured.

For Newport Landing, via Santa Cruz, etc., freight steamers leave San Francisco about every two weeks, as tides serve on the Newport bar.

The Company reserves the right to change the steamers or their days of sailing.

☞ For passage or freight as above, or for tickets to and from all important points in Europe, apply to E. McCALLAN, Agent, office No. 5 Commercial street, Los Angeles.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE!



DR. GIBBON'S Dispensary, No. 623 Kearney st., San Francisco, Established in 1854, for the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis in all its forms, Seminal Weakness and Impotency. Loss of Manhood permanently cured. The sick and afflicted should not fail to call upon him. The Doctor has visited the hospitals of Europe and obtained a great deal of valuable information, which he is competent to impart to those in need of his services. The doctor cures when others fail. Try him. DR. GIBBON will make no charge unless he effects a cure. Persons cured at home. Call or write. All communications strictly confidential. Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, Box 1957, San Francisco, Cal.

For Sale.

THREE LOTS, 25x160 FEET EACH TO AN alley; all covered with large bearing orange, walnut, chestnut and pear trees; cypress hedge in front, three-room house, barn and chicken corral; 150 fine Plymouth Rock chickens; within one block of electric light; good stores and street cars on right side of street; a good bargain; terms easy; price $2,500. Call on OAKE & COOK, 12 Court st.

QUONG CHUNG WO,

Will contract to furnish any number of

Men for All Kinds of Work, Etc.

128 UPPER MAIN ST.

P. O. Box 2207.

Miscellaneous.

JULY 23, 1886.

ABERNETHY & TAFT

Are receiving to-day a large invoice of

CLOTHING,

Consisting of MEDIUM and LIGHT-WEIGHTS for Gents, Boys and Children, at

73 North Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Natural Sparkling Mineral Water.

The Purest & Pleasantest of Table Waters. **Genoveva** Ask your Grocer Wine Merchant or Druggist for it

H. J. WOOLLACOTT, Sole Agent for Los Angeles Co.

WHY WILL YOU WALK

When You Can Buy a Fine Buggy

With solid steel double collar axles, fine wheels, steel tires, all leather top, fine all wool linings, rubber back boots, painted here in best manner

FOR $95.

Buckboards, our own make double collar axle, steel tire, $55.

Phaetons, Surreys, Pony Road Carts, with pole or shafts, and Road Wagons in proportion. Also just received a car load of

Extra fine Surreys, Phaetons, Buggies, Harness

Which will be sold at prices far below their value.

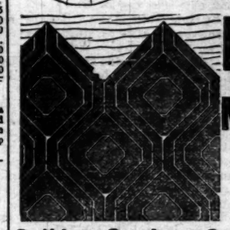
A few very fine Surreys, Jump Seats, Phaetons and Road Wagons our own manufacture, at very low prices.

Milburn Hollow Axle Farm Wagons at Cost.

☞ It will pay you to call.

J. W. CALKINS CARRIAGE CO.,

CORNER ARCADIA AND LOS ANGELES STS.



BEST ROOF

In the World is the Montross Patent

METAL SHINGLES

Cheap, Durable, Handsome, Fireproof. Absolutely Water-tight. Proof against Storms, Snow and Ice. Can be put on by anybody. Adapted for all classes of Buildings. Send for Circulars and Price Lists, free

Calkins Carriage Co., Agents, Los Angeles.

ESCONDIDO.

THE PARADISE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!

The New Hotel is Now Open and Ready for Guests.

The famous Escondido Tract contains 12,814 acres located 35 miles north of San Diego and 12 miles east of Encinitas Station on the California Southern Railroad. The soil has no superior; the water supply is abundant and crops have never failed; bearing orchards and vineyards attest the truth of the assertion that irrigation is not necessary in

"The Sun-kissed Vale of the South."

What has been done? The townsite of Escondido is in the center of the tract and embraces among other improvements a fine hotel, costing with furniture $30,000; a public schoolhouse of brick will cost $6000. Lands to the value of $250,000 have been donated by the company as an endowment for the Escondido College. Forty buildings have

FINANCE AND TRADE.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES, LOS ANGELES, Saturday, July 31.

There was a sharp advance in Butter to-day. Good Butter is not plentiful, and almost all of that now in the market is from the North.

Eggs are also advanced, and the outlook is for a further rise. There are some eastern Eggs in the market now, but they are not popular, and sell low.

The Poultry market continues active at previous quotations, but dealers say that these high prices cannot hold out much longer. With the advent of the grape season large quantities of Poultry are sent off to market and sold at almost any figure; farmers, who have vineyards, being anxious to get rid of their feathered stock to prevent their ravages among the ripened grapes.

The Mark Lane Express, of London, in its weekly review of the British Grain trade, says:

"Unsettled weather and cold nights have retarded the crops. Sunshine is needed badly. In foreign Wheat trade is dull and dragging, but prices are maintained. Flour has been dull owing to large arrivals. Maize was steady. Mixed American, spot, is rather dearer. Grinding Barleys are 3d@6d lower. Oats are in fair demand and steady. There were twelve arrivals and one sale, namely, one cargo of No. 1 California, which sold at 31s. 3d. Three cargoes were withdrawn, and nine remain—three Oregon, three Chilian, one Californian, one Canadian and one New Zealand. Trade forward has been active. Monday being a holiday, there will be no market."

Stocks and Bonds.

By Telegraph to The Times.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Government bonds dull, steady.

Opening prices for stocks were generally from ¼ to ½ per cent. higher, in early trading Vanderbilts and Missouri, Kansas and Texas monopolized business. The advance continued until nearly noon, when the market became extremely dull and featureless, but in the last hour buying of Lackawanna, and stories in regard to the settlement of the suit against the Western Union, revived interest in the market, and it closed firm at about the best figures reached. Final prices to-night show net gains for almost everything on the active list.

Money on call easy, 1¼@2%.

Prime paper, 4@5.

Sterling exchange dull, unchanged; $4 84½ for 60-day bills, $4 85, demand.

NEW YORK STOCKS.

NEW YORK, July 31.			
$ per cents.....	100¾	N. Y. Central.....	110¾
4 per cents.....	126¾	Or. Navigation...	108½
4½ per cents.....	111¾	Transcontinental	38¾
Central Pacific.	41¾	Or. Imp'ment....	119
Denver & R G.....	20½	Pacific Mail.....	57½
Kansas & Tex.....	32¾	Panama.....	96
Northern Pac...	26	Texas Pacific.....	13¾
N P preferred.....	61¾	Union Pacific.....	56¾
Northwestern....	113¾	United States...	65¾

SAN FRANCISCO STOCKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.			
Crocker.....	45	Savage.....	3 55
Hale and N.....	3 00	Ophir.....	1 15

The Grain Market.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—Wheat, dull; shipping, $1 25@1 27½. Barley, dull; feed, 85@86c; old brewing, $1 50@1 65. Corn: California, $1 15@1 20 for large yellow, $1 25@1 30 for small yellow.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Wheat, weak, lower; cash, 74¾c; August, 74 15-16c; September, 76 15-16c. Corn, easier; cash, 43c; August, 43¼c; September, 44¾c. Barley, 61½c.

LIVERPOOL, July 31.—Wheat: Holders offer freely; new No. 2 winter, 6s 7d; do, spring, 6s 7d. Corn: Spot and future supply good; new mixed 4s 2d; July, 4s 1½d; August, 4s 2d; new mixed September, 4s 3d, steady.

Pork.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Pork, weaker; cash, $9 97½; September, $10 07½@10 10.

Petroleum.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Petroleum, firm; United closed at 65¾c.

Los Angeles Produce Market.

The following is the official record of the Los Angeles Produce Exchange, corrected daily. In the quotations, unless otherwise stated, it is to be understood that the first figure is the highest price bid and the last the lowest price asked. These quotations are for round lots from first hands; for small lots out of store higher prices are asked.

HAY—Barley, W. B., No. 1, new, $9 00, asked; Barley, R. B., No. 1, $9 00, asked; Mixed Hay, new, $9 00, asked; Oat, W. B., $9 00, asked; Alfalfa, W. B., $1 00.

POTATOES—Oregon Peerless, 75c; Irish Beauties, 75c; Early Rose seed, 75c.

BUTTER—Fancy roll, ¾ lb, 27½c, asked; Choice roll, 25c, asked; Fair roll, 20c, asked; Mixed store, 20c; Pickle roll, ¾ lb, 25c, asked.

CHEESE—Large, 9c, asked; Small, 10c, asked; do 3-lb hand, 12c, asked.

EGGS—Fresh, 22@24c.

HONEY—Extracted Light, 3@4c; Job lots, 4c, asked; Amber, 2½@3c; Comb, 7½@10c.

BEESWAX—Beeswax, 20@22c.

ONIONS—Silver skins, new, 65c, asked. Local, Yellow Danvers, 65c.

VEGETABLES MIXED—Chilies, 5@10c ¾ lb; Garlic, 2@3c; Cabbage, ¾ 100 lbs, 75c, asked.

BEANS AND DRIED PEAS—Pink, No 1, $1 75, asked; Job lots $1 75; Lima, $2 50, asked; Bayous, $1 75, asked; Navy, small, $2 50; Black-eyed, $1 00, asked; Garvanzos, $3 00, asked; Green field peas, $2 00@2 50; Lentils, $3 75, asked.

POULTRY—Hens, No. 1, ¾ doz, $5 50@6 00; Old roosters, $3 50@4 00; Young roosters, $5 50@6 00; Broilers, large, $3 00@3 50; Broilers, small, $2 50@3 00; Ducks, large, $3 50, asked; do small, $3 00@3 00; Turkeys, 14@15c ¾ lb.

WHEAT—Australian, No. 1, white $1 10, bid; white Russian, 85c@$1 00; Gold Drop, 85c, bid; Sonora, 85c, bid; Defiance No. 1 shipping, 85c, bid.

OATS—Feed, No. 1, $1 75, asked; No. 2, $1 60, asked.

BARLEY—Feed, No. 1, new, 80c, bid; Brewing, No. 1, 90c, bid.

CORN—Large yellow, car load lots, $1 20, asked; do, small yellow, $1 20, asked.

FLOUR—Los Angeles XXXX, Extra Family Pat. Roller flour, $4 50, asked; Capitol Mills Extra Family Pat. Rolled flour, $4 35, asked; Pioneer or Victor, $4 50.

MILL FEED—Bran, $17 00, asked; Shorts, $19 00, asked; Cracked corn, $1 25, asked; Cracked barley, $1 10, asked; Ground barley, $1 10, asked; Mixed feed, corn and barley, $1 25, asked.

GRAIN BAGS—Mill sacks, 9c; 1886 Calcutta spot, 7c; Potato sacks, 8@4c.

SEED—Alfalfa, 11½c.

LIVE STOCK—Live hogs, 3@4c.

DRIED FRUIT—Peaches, sun dried, 6½c, asked; do No. 2, 1@3c; do peeled; 10c asked; do peeled No. 1, 4@8c. Nutted plums, 10c, asked; Prunes, Cala. French, 12c, asked; do Hungarian, 10c; asked; Apricots, evaporated, 20c, asked; Apples, evaporated, 10c; asked; do sun dried, 3½c, asked; do, sun dried quartered, 2½c, asked.

RAISINS—Layers, $1 75, asked; Extra London layers, new, $2 00, asked; Three Crown layers, new, $2 00, asked; Loose Muscatels, $1 85; Bulk raisins, 5@6c; Dried grapes, 3c, asked.

NUTS—Walnuts, choice, 10@14c; Peanuts Cala. No. 1, 5c, asked; do Cala. No. 2, 2½c, asked; do Eastern, 6½c, asked, Almonds, S. S., 14c, asked; do H. S., 8c, asked.

CITRUS FRUITS—Oranges, $3 00, asked; Lemons, seedling, ¾ box, $3 asked; Eureka and Lisbon, $3 50 asked; Limes, $1 25, asked.

PROVISIONS—Extra light bacon, 10c, asked; Light, 9c, asked; Clear Medium, 9½c, asked; Medium bacon, 8c, asked. Heavy bacon, 7c, asked.

WOOL—Spring clip, 8@10c, bid.

LARD—4-lb tins, 8½c, asked; 3-lb pails, 8¾c, asked; 5-lb pails, 8½c, asked; 10-lb pails, 8c, asked.

SKINS—Short wool, each, 15@30c, bid. Long wool, $1 00, bid; Shearlings, 10c, bid.

HAMS—Eastern sugar-cured, 13½@14c, asked.

HIDES—Dry, 16c, bid: Kip, 15c, bid; Calf, 13½c, bid.

Los Angeles Wholesale Meat Market

Corrected for the Times by E. Maier, 49 South Spring Street.

The following are prices for whole carcasses:

BEEF—First grade, 7½c per pound; second grade, 6½c; third grade, 6c.

MUTTON—5c per pound for Ewes and 6c for Wethers.

LAMB—Spring, 8c.

VEAL—From 7 to 9c per pound.

HOGS—On foot, hard, 3@3½c per pound; dressed, 6c

Real Estate Transfers.

[Reported by Gillette & Gibson.]

SATURDAY, July 31, 1886.

CONVEYANCES.

U S A to Peter Puterbaugh: N ¼ of N W ¼, S W ¼ of N W ¼ and N W ¼ of S W ¼, section 14, township 1 N, range 11 W, patent.

H W Mills and M L Wicks to J G Enke: Lot 83, Wicks & Mills extension of Second street, $280.

Ruth H Martin to O H Congar: Lot 80, Dr Congar tract, $675.

Joshua Bixby, Lewellyn Bixby and Thomas Flint to James C Dunn: Lot 23, block 135, Long Beach, $150.

Fredk C Norton to J F Merriam: 2 acres in Ro Santiago de Santa Ana, $1450.

Estate of Benjamin F Sells: Order confirming sale of N W ¼ of S W ¼, section 8, township 1 S, range 11 W, to J U Marriner and David Lang, $2200.

Ruth H Martin to C S Martin: Lot on W line of DeLacy street, Pasadena, $1.

James W Hellman to J W Owens and Saul R Owens, his wife: Undivided ¾ of lot 8, Wilmington tract, $1.

E P Ball to L D Hollingsworth and Lucinda Hollingsworth: Part of lot 8, H P Ball's subdivision, Pasadena, $1037.

Geo H Peck and Wm G Kerckhoff to Ole Anderson: E ½ of lot 8, block 59, San Pedro, $1000.

W S Bradley to M P Snyder and K D Wade: Agreement to convey lots 17 to 32, both inclusive, Friend's subdivision, $5000.

Samuel Deisell to Edward S Field: 97.742 acres in Ro San Antonio, $8035.

Joseph H Bennett and Sarah W Bennett, his wife, to John Brittle: 5 acres in N E ¼ of S W ¼, section 3, township 1 S, range 10 W, $900.

L J Rose to J H Bennett: Agreement to convey lot 82, block 6, Lamanda Park, $80.

L J Rose to Kate B Oliver: Agreement to convey lot 44, block 6, Lamanda Park, $80.

H M Russell to A M Estay: N 40 feet of lot 67, Kinney tract, $400.

Thos M Harper and Elizabeth B Harper, his wife, to Dora Hirst: Lot in lot 8, block B, Orr & Reed tract, $200.

Albert McFarland and Eliza J McFarland, his wife, to James F Towell: Lots 18, 17 and 19, block 3, Downey tract, $5979 60.

Christian Johnson to Merick Reynolds and L B Winans: ¼ acre in Ro Palos Verdes, $100.

Joanna Brodesser and Gottfried L Brodesser to George Hermann and Belle M Jewett: Assignment of contract for sale, book 163, page 296, $1228 10.

Thomas N Lord to same: Part of lot 13, Washburn's subdivision of lot 8, division C, Berry & Elliott tract, $2300.

Benj F Hilliker to John L Beverly: W ½ of W ½ of S W ¼, section 28, to wnship 1 N, range 9 W, $3000.

Kate C Lindley to Nicholas C Oswald: Lots 1, 2 and 5, block 3, Washington Garden tract, $3100.

William H Carlin to Nicholas Marten: Agreement to convey E ½ of N E ¼, section 7, township 1 S, range 14 W, $1000.

H R A Boys to William Chislett: Lot 7, Boys subdivision of part of lot 1, block 17, H S, $480.

Robert A Heffner and Osmer W Baldwin to Jacob Blumer: Lot 17, Heffner & Baldwin's subdivision of Rheude, Irvine & Shea tracts, $800.

Geo Kerckhoff to Frederick Schweizer: Bond for deed to lot 7, Kerckhoff tract, $3000.

Frederick Schweizer to Abram Borick: Assignment of above, $3100.

Abram Borick to Mrs M B Bixby: S 45 feet of lot 7, Kerckhoff tract, $4500.

P G Wooster to Charles Ehrenfeld: Lots 19 and 20, P G Wooster's subdivision of lot 4, block H, San Pascual tract, $3000.

Isaias W Hellman to J A Paxton and Milton Y Kelium: Lots 6 and 7, block 71, O S, $3500.

John Wyatt to Homer Morris: Lot 8, block 8, Brooklyn tract, $200.

W J Shrode to Thomas Wardall: W ½ of N ½ of E ½ of lot 9, section 26, Ro Azusa de Duarte, $1000.

Benjamin Curler to L T Garnsey and D McFarland: Lots 38 to 46, both inclusive, Hoover tract, $13,060.

G C Hagar, E M Widney, H L MacNeil and John K Alexander, trustees, to C N Wilson: Lots 7 and 8, block L, Maclay's addition to San Fernando, $200.

C N Wilson to D H Coll: W .0 feet of lot 7, block L, Maclay's addition to San Fernando, $150.

Daniel H Coll to Robert Wetherill: Undivided ¼ of W 20 feet of lot 7, block L, Maclay's addition to San Fernando, $1.

I R Dunkelberger to H C Sutherland: Lot 19, block A, Dunkelberger tract, $600.

A N Hamilton and M P Grove to Robert N Bulla and Leo L Longley: Lots 1 and 3, block 1, and lot 8, block 2, Highland tract addition, $750.

V D Moody, A J Snyder and F K Shattuck to B J Hull: Lots 25 and 26, block F, Mutual Orchard Company tract, $3600.

Absalom F Dester to Nathaniel H Houser: Lot 1, block 21, Phillips tract, $1350.

Robert A Heffner and Osmer W Baldwin to George E Johnson: Lot 8, Heffner & Baldwin's subdivision of Rheude, Irvine & Shea tracts, $1300.

Same to I L Spencer: Lot 12, same subdivision, $1300.

Hiram Hill to Mrs M E Bennett: Lot 10, H Hill's subdivision, Pasadena, $750.

Real Estate Associates of Los Angeles to Lorenzo V del Leck: Lot 10, block 14, Fairmount tract, $400.

Thomas Philbrook to Walter Mallard: Agreement to convey lots 10, 13 and 14, Philbrook subdivision, $1650.

John McCoy to E Bernard Allen: Agreement to convey lot 8, B O Clark's subdivision, Pasadena, $5500.

Thomas F Brown and P W Samuelson to E F Henderson: Lot F, Ocean View tract, $950.

O M Crane to W M A Pile, W N Monroe and E W Root: 3 tracts in Ro Azusa de Duarte, $10,500.

Catharine Angle Layton and Bernard W Layton to Anton Nusser: Lot 6, Alcantara Grove tract, $800.

Isaias W Hellman to Wm S Hubbard: Lots 2 and 3, Esmelda tract, $ 000.

J C West to Mrs Mary E Wood: N ½ of S W ¼ of N W ¼, section 29, township 1 N, range 9 W, and water, $3000.

Geo H Pike to Emma L Fletcher: Lots 51 and 52, Arlington tract, $1000.

J J West to J C West: S ½ of S W ¼ of S W ¼ and N E ¼ of S W ¼ of S W ¼ section 29, township 1 N, range 9 W, $37?.0.

Victor Ponet to Geo A Ralph: Lot 17, bloch 104, Bellevue Terrace tract, $160.

Cecelia A Owen and E H Owen to Willard Kitteridge: Lots 26 and 27, block 45, San Fernando, $20.

D McFarland to F C Howes: Undivided ¼ of lot NW corner Franklin and New High sts, $3800 58.

T B Elliott vs A L Forsyth and Mary Forsyth: Transcript of judgment, $35 58.

HOMESTEADS.

Louis Arrata and Teresa Arrata: Abandonment, 20 acres in Ro La Ballona.

MISCELLANEOUS.

George F Bixby to H H Bixby: Power of attorney.

T W Brooks: Notice of claim to 1000 inches of water in San Dimas Canyon.

M L Wicks, A M Hough and John Goldsworthy to S P Rose: Power of Attorney.

Maria F Ames to F J Nettleton: Assignment of mortgage, book 71, page 479.

Map of W T Vore's subdivision of 8 2 acres of N ¾ of lot 9, block C, San Pascual tract.

A PERFECT BAKING POWDER—BEST IN AMERICA

PRESTON & MERRILL'S

—Boston, Mass.—

INFALLIBLE YEAST POWDER

Established 1845.

Yields 15 to 50 per cent. more Gas (the raising property) than other Yeast or Baking Powders.

UNEXCELLED FOR STRENGTH, PURITY AND HEALTHFULNESS. MOST ECONOMICAL.

Never Fails to Make Light and Wholesome Bread, Biscuits, Tea Rolls, Cakes, Pies, Puddings, Etc. For Sale by Grocers, in all size cans.

DON'T BUY A RANGE

—Until you have seen the—

NEW MODEL MEDALLION

—The Best and Most Economical—

RANGE

EVER UT ON THE MARK

☞ Hardware, Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber Hose, Colton Hose, Iron Pipe, Pumps, Shovels, Spades, Forks and Rakes, Spray Pumps for the Scale Bug, Stamped Ware, Agate Ware, Tin and Steel Iron Ware (our own make). The

Best Selected Stock in Town,

And as low as can be bought anywhere.

anitar Plumbing, Metal Roofing.

Artesian Well Pipe a Specialty

—THE BEST STOCK OF—

Refrigerators, Water Filterers and Coolers

☞ In the City, and the Cheapest Yet!

W. C. FURREY

59 and 61 Spring St.

OPPOSITION

OFFICE AT THE NATICK HOUSE. Allman's new four-horse stage leaves three times a week for Ventura and way-stations, to Santa Barbara via Gonejo. The only good line. Fare lower than any other road.

JOHN R. ALLMAN, Manager.

We Buy Sell and Exchange

Stoves, Clothing and Books,

TAYLOR,

322 South Spring Street.

GO TO THE LITTLE ELEPHANT

Furniture Headquarters,

No. 15 E, First st., for New and Second-hand Furniture. Goods bought and sold. Also Camp-chairs and Tents for sale. Go and see.

A. T. WILDER.

MEN ONLY. A Quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Indisputable proofs. Book sent sealed, free. ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, BUFFALO New York. ridhw

PLUMBER, GASFITTER

Sanitary Engineer,

GEORGE MILNE,

53 N w High Street.

Real Estate.

For Sale!

A FEW BARGAINS.

$550—Lot 60x131 on Orange avenue.

$4000—7 acres just outside city; 5 acres in bearing fruit; house of 5 rooms; well, windmill, tank, etc.; splendid soil and plenty of water; certainly cheap.

$1600—One acre on Washington st.

$2000—Cottage of four nice rooms; bath and pantry; large lot, on the right side of a splendid street; considerable furniture included; certainly a lovely home at a bargain.

$2300—House and 3 lots on Temple-street cable road; see it.

$2000—House of 5 rooms; large and airy; bay window, etc.; good-sized lot; only ten minutes' walk from Temple block.

Several splendid bargains in fruit and alfalfa ranches; also ranches to subdivide.

Lands in Iowa, Minnesota, Texas, etc., to exchange.

$1850—Beautiful cottage on a nice lot, lovely avenue. Splendid neighborhood; 4 rooms, bath, pantry, etc. Just a lovely place. See it.

$2100—Lot on west side of Flower street, near Sixth; 60x165; bargain.

$6000—9 acres of the very best fruit land at Vernon; nearly all in bearing fruit and nuts; splendid bargain.

$1800—Lot on Pearl street; 60x165; very cheap.

$6500—Very choice residence on the right side of Hill st.; close in; splendid location; six rooms, bath, pantry and closets; cheapest home on Hill st., and one of the very best bargains offered.

$9500—Magnificent lot on the right side of prominent street, 62x244 to a 20-foot alley; two lines of street cars and electric mast are already at the place; only a few steps from Pearl st.; certainly the finest lot now offered for this money.

$9500—Lot 50x157; Grand avenue, on the clean side.

Desirable property in all parts of the city and country. Money to loan.

LAMB & GRIFFIN,

19 West First st., Widney Block.

BARGAINS

IN CHOICE PROPERTY.

F. H. BARCLAY, 30 S. Spring St.

28 choice lots on line of street railroad in Pasadena; fine lots, good size, well located and the greatest bargain, if sold in a lump, of any property in Pasadena; a splendid investment.

Cottage of 4 rooms, hall, two large closets and pantry; all hard-finished and first-class work throughout; two lots 60x142 to 16-foot alley; well-fenced; city water in house and yard; electric railway will run in front of property; street cars now within 150 feet; this is the best bargain in residence property in the city for the money. There will be an undoubted advance of 30 to 50 per cent as soon as the first street road is completed.

9 fine lots 50x150 each on Seville street and Grand avenue, which will be the most elegantly built residence street in the city; a first-class bargain, either for investment or for residence.

150 acres choice land in the Azusa; 50 acres set to vineyard, 5 acres of bearing orchard and vineyard; this property is one of the best in the Azusa and is offered only because the owners have other interests demanding attention.

5 beautiful lots on Main street and Seville street; covered with choice fruit and elegantly situated; Main-street railroad will run along this property within 30 days; no lots in the city to compare with them at the price.

F. H. BARCLAY,

30 S. Spring St.

City Homes!

Wiesendanger's

CITY TRACT

—OF—

Washington & Hoover Sts

ALL INSIDE CITY LIMITS,

Will be offered for sale on MONDAY, June 21st, and after.

FOR SALE BY

McCOYE & CUSHMAN

23 N. Spring St.

80 FINE, LARGE BUILDING LOTS, 80

All Inside the City Limits,

At a very short distance only from Washington Gardens and Figueroa street.

The new extension line of Hellman's fast two-horse cars is to pass directly in front of the tract.

All the Lots Level as a Floor!

Purchasers of lots will have no expense of grading.

The streets will be graded and shade trees planted by the present owners of the tract at their own expense.

The fact that the tract has been worked by Chinamen as a vegetable garden is sufficient proof of the excellency and richness of the soil.

Pure, excellent drinking water is struck in wells on any lot at a small depth.

Prices Low and Terms Easy!

Our prices are lower than either lottery or auction prices, and our system of private sale grants you your own choice of location.

☞ *Never, never, buy a cat in a bag.*

Choose your lot before you purchase.

Price, $225 to $400,

INSIDE THE CITY.

Terms—$30 Cash; $20 a Month.

NO INTEREST TO PAY.

☞ Free carriages—9, 11:30, 2 and 4 p. m., from 23 North Spring st.

$4 a Front Foot!

The Lots in the

Hubbard Tract

Are the Cheapest in this City,

NAMELY, $175 UP.

A few minutes' walk from the Pico Street Electric Road; located on Vermont street, near Washington street, on the proposed route of a three-car line. Electric lights in the neighborhood. Good schools and churches. The streets have been graded and set with trees. The tract is covered with the choicest of bearing vines. Value of lots growing every day. To-day you can get lots in this tract for only $4 per front foot.

Terms—$30 cash; balance in monthly installments of $10 without interest.

A free carriage at the office to show the lots at 10 a. m. and 2 and 6 p. m., beginning Monday, July 12th.

Apply to

CHAS. VICTOR HALL,

105½ South Spring street.

NOTICE.

LAND SING HOW, POMONA, CAL., HAS purchased the store and property of Toy Hing & Co., and notice is hereby given that all claims must be presented on or before august 3, 1886.

ITENTS TO RENT,

Furnished or Unfurnished

AT SANTA MONICA,

Call on or address W. L. HULL, On Beach, bet. Wharf and Bath House

The Clifton House,

CORNER FORT AND TEMPLE STREETS. New house and furniture. Location the best in the city. Strictly first-class rooms. Will be rented with or without board. Special rates for the summer.

THOS. PASCOE.

AUSTRALIAN COAL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—At yard of the Los Angeles Gas Company, corner Aliso and Center sts.

LOS ANGELES GAS COMPANY, [Office No. 2 Broadway.

Auction Sales.

AUCTION SALES.

By John C. Bell & Co.,

REAL ESTATE & GENERAL AUCTIONEER. Office, Room 43 Temple Block.

AUCTION SALES.

By Northcrafts & Clark

Real Estate and General Auctioneers, Office and Store, 246 N. Main St.

DR. WOOD'S LIVER REGULATOR

UNIVERSAL VEGETABLE PANACEA OF CONCENTRATED EXTRACTS.

Prepared from the Active Medicinal Properties Contained in

Mandrake, Dandelion, Butternut, Black Root, Bog Bane, Bitter Root, Blood Root, Calisaya Bark, Barberry Bark, Sweet Flag, Indian Hemp, Wa-a-Hoo, Golden Seal, etc.

For the Speedy and Permanent Relief of the most hopeless cases of

Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chills and Fever, Disordered Digestion, Sick Headache, General Debility,

And all other diseases arising from a Bilious State of the stomach, or an inactive or Diseased Liver.

REDINGTON & CO., S. F., Wholesale Agt's.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A. W. POTTS. N. A. COVARRUBIAS.

POTTS & COVARRUBIS,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND General Auctioneers.

PARTIES DESIRING PROPERTY SOLD AT AUCTION WILL BE ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

33 N. Spring St., Opp. Jevne's.

FOUND AT LAST

A way of buying this favorite Boosting Pan so I can now offer them for sale at greatly REDUCED PRICES. The size of pan that has always been sold for $1 75 I now offer for $1 25 and all other sizes in the same proportion. All these pans have a rack to keep the meat from burning on the bottom and can be used with or without it. For sale by

E. E. BROWNE,

44 S. Spring street, Los Angeles.

1500 Feet Above the Sea

Health in the Air and Wealth in the Soil.

A RICH FOOT-HILL REGION.

The Cañada Valley overlooks Los Angeles and the broad Pacific, yet is protected from damp ocean breezes and is the sanitarium of Southern California. It is rich soil and grows the finest of citrus and deciduous fruits. Send for circular giving full information and prices of property to

THEO. COLEMAN, Pasadena, Cal.

SWEITZER'S TRAIL.

A Romantic Mountain Resort.

This beautiful and popular route is now in first-class order and regularly traversed by pleasure seekers. Easy trail, scenery of unsurpassed grandeur and beauty, best accommodations by the way and on top. Parties are conducted regularly twice a week by an experienced guide, and with trained and careful animals. Lunch at Cañada Station, mouth of cañon, 5 miles from Pasadena.

Terms—For the animal, round trip, $3; board and lodging per day $2, or $10 a week. Parties go up Tuesdays and Saturdays on arrival of morning train from Los Angeles; returns Mondays and Fridays in time for afternoon train. Parties will be met at either of the Pasadena hotels. Address C. P. SWEITZER, Pasadena Postoffice.

To the Ladies!

MILLINERY AT COST.

For the next thirty days we will give the ladies the benefit of the advanced season. Hats and Bonnets for ladies and children, trimmed and untrimmed, at and cost. The latest styles and largest assortment in this city. Call early and be convinced.

MRS. D. GOTTHELF,

25 S. Spring St., next to Mosgrove

BUSINESS FOR SALE!

The Pioneer Store of Ontario.

Good Store, Large and Growing Trade. Fine Opening for a Man of Capital and Energy.

Reason for selling is important and other interests elsewhere that demand my personal attention. Correspondence solicited.

A. E. PAYNE.

ONTARIO, June 15, 1886.

NOTICE

To Contractors and Builders

SEPARATE BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED at the office of the undersigned, City Hall, up to 5 o'clock

Thursday Evening, July 22, 1886

for repairs and additions to certain school buildings, as per plans and specifications in office of Architects CAUKIN, HAAS & BORING, No. 7½ N. Spring street; each bid to be accompanied by a certified check of $100.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Education of the City of Los Angeles, at its meeting of July 13, 1886.

F. S. GRAHAM, Secretary.

July 14, 1886.

Mrs. E. C. FREEMAN.

HOME BAKERY AND LUNCH ROOM, 407 S. Spring st. Home-made Bread, Pies and Cakes always on hand; also Boston Brown Bread and Beans on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

NOTICE.

The agency of the GRAFF CELEBRATED DIAMOND COAL-OIL BURNER, which gives the best of satisfaction and which can on exhibition at the postoffice has been given to

PARMELEE'S BAZAR,

108 to 118 N. Main St.,

LOS ANGELES.

For Sale—A Great Bargain.

TWELVE (12) ACRES OF VERY FINE land near Orange; corner lot; on clean sides of street; 4 acres in grapes—some of the vines have more than four tons of grapes per acre; balance in assorted fruit trees, the whole coming three years old; $200 per acre. Terms easy. Inquire of JOHN J. JONES, Rooms 1 and 4, Postoffice Block.

OPERA RESTAURANT,

C. STIRLING, PROP.,

15 South Main Street,

All kinds of Roast Meats served with Tea or Coffee, 15 cents.

All kinds of Chops, Fish and Stews, 15 cents.

Ice-Cream 10 Cents.

Call and see for yourself.

For Sale!

FINE HIGH LOT, 60x165 WITH ALLEY, on Hill st.; two minutes' walk from postoffice, $4000; corner lot on Temple st. on the line of the cable road no grading required. Also 2 Center sts., $650 each; 2 on Grand avenue, $700; lots on Angeleno Heights, $250.

HORACE A. FERGUSON,

12 Temple Block.

Miscellaneous.

Arrived at Last!

The two carloads of REFRIGERATORS that have been overdue for the last two weeks are in and on exhibition at

PECK & RUGGLES',

236 N. Main Street, Baker Block.

Anyone desirous of purchasing a

Pure Dry Air Refrigerator

Can surely be pleased, as we have about twenty-five different styles, ranging in price from

$12.50 to $200.

Remember the

Baldwin Dry Air Refrigerator.

PECK & RUGGLES,

Pacific Coast Agents, 236 N. Main

DR. E. ROBBINS'

New Hammam Baths

ALSO

Turkish, Russian,

Sulphur, Electric and

Medicated Baths

These baths are under the supervision of a thorough physician and are excellent for cleansing purposes and

CURING

Colds, Rheumatism, Paralysis, General Debility, Nervous Prostration

And All Pulmonary Diseases.

First-class Lady and Gentlemen Attendants.

Bath Tickets, $1; Six Tickets, $5

Corner Spring and First Streets.

Hours 9 a. m. to 12 midnight. Open Sundays from 8 a. m. till 12 noon.

Plumbing and Gasfitting.

S. M. PERRY,

DEALER IN

Artistic Gas Fixtures, Globes, Etc.,

INCANDESCENT GAS LAMPS

For Stores and Offices, Plumbing Goods, Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Sinks, Rubber Hose, Water Pipe, Sewer Pipe, etc.

Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Tin Roofing, Pump Repairing, Sewer Laying, etc., done on short notice.

30 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Telephone No. 84.

To the Beandry Water Consumers

WE HAVE THIS DAY SOLD ALL OF our interests in the Beaudry Water Works to Messrs. Walter S. Maxwell, N. W. Stowell, and M. L. Wicks, who will from this date take possession of the same.

VICTOR BEAUDRY,
PRUDENT BEAUDRY.

LOS ANGELES, July 29, 1886.

To the Beaudry Water Consumers.

Referring to the above and representing the Citizens' Water Company, we would earnestly ask the further indulgence of the consumers of water on the above-named system, that they be as economical as possible in their consumption of water, promising within a short time an abundance of pure water for all purposes and at all times. Respectfully,

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY,

By M. L. WICKS,
N. W. STOWELL,
WALTER S. MAXWELL.

The office of the company, until further notice, will be at M. L. WICKS, Postoffice Block.

FRUHLING BROS.,

Housesmiths and General Blacksmiths

No. 54 S. Los Angeles St.

All kinds of Housesmithing done in first-class style.

Dilapidated Wooden Cresting Replaced

With the Latest Patterns in Iron.

Cresting, Wrought-Iron Fencing and Railing a specialty.

ADAMS BROS.,

DENTISTS,

No. 23 South Spring Street,

Between First and Second. Rooms 4 and 5 over Mosgrove's Cloak House.

Gold fillings.....$2 00
Amalgam and platina fillings.... 1 00
Painless Extraction of teeth by vitalized air or nitrous oxide gas.
Teeth extracted for 50 cents.
Best Sets of Teeth from $6 to $8.
We guarantee a perfect fit.
Office Hours: From 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 12 m.

☞ Intricate work a specialty.

Chas. Charnock & Co.,

Real Estate Dealers,

Have a large list of improved and unimproved city and country property. Also agents for the Temecula Valley Colony Lands at Murrietta. Colony lands a specialty.

Call on or address them at No. 12 Court st., opp. Courthouse, Los Angeles, Cal.

New Bakery, New Ovens, New Goods,

T. A. HOUSE,

Recently of the New England Bakery, has opened the

Cottage House Bakery,

250 S. Spring St.,

Adjoining Borick Bros.' Grocery, and will make a specialty of New England milk and Vienna bread. A good assortment of pies, cakes, etc., constantly on hand. He will be pleased to meet his old patrons and as many new ones as may favor him with their patronage. This is no branch bakery, but as extensive as any in the city. Leave your orders if you wish your goods delivered, as our wagon will run to all parts of the city.

Southworth & Co.,

Real Estate and Cenral Commission Agents.

Money to loan. Houses rented. Collections made. Any business intrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention.

Union Employment Bureau.

First-class help of all kinds furnished on short notice.

38 Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Good Location.

225 SECOND ST. (cor. Hill)—The leading private boarding-house of Southern California.

MRS. D. J. WHIPPLE.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

PROF. ROMEO BERRA,

A DECORATIVE DECORATOR, ARTIST in Fresco and Scenographer for Churches, Public Halls, Theaters and Parlors. Colonial scenery in any style drawn to order. No. 448 S. Hill street. Rotes to Franklin & Co., No. 37 S. Spring street.

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Fall term opens September 8, 1886.

St. Vincent's College,

SIXTH STREET.

Next Term Will Open on Monday, August 2, 1886.

Course—COLLEGIATE AND COMMERCIAL.

Tuition, embracing all branches, $50 per annum. Tuition with board, lodging etc., $300 per annum.

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St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles College,

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL.

For Young Ladies,

Cor. Fifth and Olive Sts.

J. B. PACE

Consumers Beware!

There are imitations of the celebrated and old reliable J. B. Pace Tobaccos.

The genuine has the FULL NAME J. B. PACE on the tin tag.

Don't be deceived. You are imposed upon if the initials J. B. are not on the tin tag.

J. B. PACE

F. COURVOISIER,

Pupil of Julien & Favard of Paris,

At 64 North Main Street.

A FIRST-CLASS PARISIAN

Bakery and Pastry.

Ice-Cream a la Parisienne,

His patrons will always find him ready to provide them with the genuine Parisian bonbons, pastry and ice-cream at their residences or in his parlors.

He also delivers bread, French or American, to any part of the city.

Milk Bolls, containing no other liquid than pure milk a specialty.

All coloring matters used in this establishment are purely vegetable.

Contracts given for furnishing pastry and the laying-out of tables on the Parisian style for private dinners, picnics and banquets.

Telephone No. 481. P. O. Box 673.

RED CLOVER.

Needham's Red Clover Blossoms and extracts prepared from the blossoms, cures Cancer, Salt Rheum, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood; will also clear the complexion of all pimples and eruptions; is a sure cure for Constipation, Piles and many other diseases. Both laxative and tonic. Needham's Red Clover cures after everything else fails. For full particulars, testimonials of cures, etc., address,

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35 S. Spring st., Los Angeles, next door to Childress Bank.

NEW PARAGON

SCHOOL DESK!

The Best in the World.

The undersigned have this day been appointed Sole Agents for Southern California for the sale of the "Paragon School Furniture," and are now prepared to quote LOWEST RATES to all requiring a FIRST-CLASS SCHOOL DESK

PRINTING AND BINDING.

There is nothing in the Printing and Binding line which the TIMES-MIRROR Printing, Binding and Ruling House, the oldest and largest in Southern California, is not prepared to execute in a manner equal to that of any office in the State. All kinds of Mercantile, Railroad, Legal and general Printing done. Books, Magazines and Pamphlets bound in Turkish leather, Morocco, cloth, sheepskin, or in any style desired. Our work is guranteed to be equal to that done in San Francisco. PROMPTNESS! ACCURACY! EXCELLENCE! REASONABLE PRICES.

'TIMES" TELEPHONE:

Editorial Room.....No. 29
Business Office.....No. 29

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THE CITY.

Dots.

A suburban residence near New York City is offered for sale at a bargain or in exchange for property in Los Angeles, by D. Austin & Co.

Do you want work and mean business? Call at 17 S. Main street.

Wellington coal, wholesale and retail. Special rates to dealers and for carload lots. Walter S. Maxwell, sole agent. Yard, corner Alameda and Jackson streets; telephone 315. Office, 10 Court street; telephone, 33.

Wanted—Man to drive team, man for livery stable, man for orchard work, man good blacksmith, one good man waiter; few girls for housework, few girls for waiters, few women for housekeepers, at No. 17 S. Main street.

Promptly at 10 a. m., Tuesday, August 3, the sale of lots in the Judson tract will commence at the office of Miller & Herlott, 36½ North Spring st.

Coal for steam, house and blacksmith purposes; coke, charcoal, wood—all lengths and all kinds—wholesale and retail. Yard, corner Alameda and Jackson streets; telephone 315. Office, 10 Court street; telephone 33. Walter S. Maxwell.

Room for a few more day and evening pupils at room 11 and 12, Schumacher block. Book-keeping, penmanship and arithmetic are special branches taught.

Dr. A. Robbins opens his new Hamman baths to-day for the use of the public, and will continue to do so every Sunday from 8. a. m. till 12, noon.

Another carload arrived without a General, Major or Colonel in it, but full of horses, not political bosses either, but boss windmills, the Halladay Standard. The second carload within 90 days. Call at once, at 257 Buena Vista streets, and E K. Green will give you figures that will please you.

Are you a good judge of real estate? Then examine the Judson tract and look at the plan of subdivision. No key lots. Wide streets; twenty corner lots. Just the place to make you a home.

"Sierra Madre," best five-cent cigar for sale only at corner First and Main.

Tents for sale or rent at S. C. Foy's Pioneer saddlery and harness house, 217 and 219 Los Angeles street, between Commercial and Arcadia.

Niedt's No. 8 wash kills the scale bug. Great reduction in price.

Buy your coal, wood, hay, feed and charcoal at Holmes & Scott's, 157 South Spring street, between Second and Third, west side. Telephone 145.

PERSONAL NEWS.

Deputy City Attorney Kelly is in Riverside.

Wm. H. Perry is at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

R. R. Rice, of Lowell, Mass., is at the Nadeau House.

Senior Vice Department Commander Geo. E. Gard goes north to-day.

Will Gard, son of the Sheriff, goes north to-day to resume his studies.

Mrs. Mamie Perry Davis went north yesterday to attend the encampment.

Post-office Inspector J. O. Culver returned to San Francisco by rail yesterday.

Daniel Fish, a leading lawyer of Minneapolis, has his family at the St. Elmo.

Lawrence Copeland, of the Lamberton Commercial, Lamberton, Minn., is in the city.

H. M. Blaisdel, one of the most prominent lawyers from Fairmount, Minn., is at the St. Elmo.

A. Shafter, President of the Bank at St. Paul and a prominent citizen, is sojourning at the St. Elmo.

J. L. Blair, agent of the entire Santa Fé Railroad system, and manager of the G. A. R. excursions, is at the St. Elmo.

John P. Res, one of the leading citizens of Minneapolis and Judge of the District Court, is at the St. Elmo with his wife.

Charles A. Bartleson, an old settler of Minneapolis, and a leader in the profession of law, is rusticating at the St. Elmo. His wife accompanies him.

W. A. Morford, Milton Santee, A. G. Bartlett, Major George H. Bonebrake, Brigade Commander, W. H. Seamans, C. M. Jenkins and E. P. Johnson were among the passengers on yesterday's north-bound train.

W. F. X. Parker, of Chamberlain, Dakota, where he published the Chamberlain Register, came in with the Dakota delegation, G. A. R., yesterday morning. He is so "stuck" on the country that he will probably stay.

Mrs. E. Zorger, of Topeka, Kansas, leaves this morning, with the remains of her husband, on the 7 o'clock train for the East. His death took place at Anaheim, on Wednesday, July 28th. Mrs. Zorger is the guest of F. B. Colver, on Figueroa street. The deceased was a member of Lincoln Post, and the Masonic Lodge of Topeka.

Councilman E. W. Jones starts to-day for the Encampment. He will be absent about three weeks, and upon his return will be accompanied by his daughter, Miss Louise, who returned a fortnight ago from her trip to Alaska, and has since been visiting friends in San Francisco. Major Jones and daughter will visit the Yosemite and Monterey before coming home.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

Will Close This Week.

A few lots are left in the Williamson tract. The books will close this week. This is the only good residence property within walking distance of the postoffice, at $390 per lot, improved. Eleven thousand dollars will be expended in improvements by the company.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

G. A. R. "Piece."

So many of the G. A. R. boys will own lots in the Electric Railway Homestead Association Tract, it is suggested to call it G. A. R. "Piece."

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place; surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

THE GRAND ARMY.

More Veteran Visitors Arrive in Los Angeles.

THE BUCKEYE DELEGATION'S OVATION.

More Slow Trains, but All Here at Last—Arriving and Departing Crowds—A Triumphal Reception—Notes.

Yesterday continued the gala occasion of the Grand Army visit to Los Angeles. The enjoyment of hosts and guests has been daily growing and intensifying. Short as has been the time allowed the delegation here, it has been sufficient to fill them with enthusiastic appreciation of the Queen of the Southern Coast, and of the cordial hospitality of her people. The universal sentiment which has found expression from the visitors, not only in formal compliments, but as well in their chat among themselves, has been one of absolute delight. They are glad they came this way, glad they stopped in Los Angeles, and sorry for nothing in the world except that they couldn't be longer with us. The people of Los Angeles have done their part nobly, and the visitors say they have nowhere met so royal a welcome. All day yesterday the streets were lively with visiting veterans and their families, under the guidance of resident friends. Every obtainable conveyance was utilized, and scores of parties were improving their scant opportunity to see the most of the city and its surroundings. Large numbers patronized the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Valley Railroad trains and admired the "Crown of the Valley." Hundreds of others hied to Santa Monica, and enjoyed a roll in the soft Pacific surf. It was emphatically a day of enjoyment. It was astonishing to note how many of the visitors expressed their determination to dispose of their belongings in the East and settle among us as soon as possible to perfect their arrangements.

ANOTHER INVOICE.

Yesterday morning the first train of the series which had switched off at Colton and gone to San Diego, reached Los Angeles. It contained the Dakota, Indiana, Iowa and Minnesota people, and glad they were to get here. They "did" the city as thoroughly as they could in its limited a stay, and in the afternoon went down to Santa Monica for a salt dip. Returning at 10 p. m., they started off, an hour later, for the North. They had a glorious time here, and carried away countless pleasant memories.

THE OHIO DELEGATION.

It was anticipated that the Ohio delegation, which went down to San Diego from Colton, would get here about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. But the day wore away without them, and it was not until 6:30 p. m. that the tired watchers at the depot were rewarded by seeing the train came around the curve from the south. It was a fine train, too—ten sleepers, an emigrant and a baggage car, with appropriate banners and legends stretched along the sides. The newcomers were received with open arms. Delegations from Stanton and Frank Bartlett Posts were on hand, with the lively drum-corps of the Young Men's Republican Club, a reception committee from the Ohio Union of Los Angeles, and a lot of other Ohioans.

HERE AT LAST.

Thus, after a series of tedious and annoying delays *en route* from San Diego, the long looked for Buckeyes were at last within our gates. The delegates, being somewhat tired and a good deal disgusted with their railroad experience, were not in a mood to march up from the depot, and accordingly were "packed" up in hacks, carriages and street cars. Arrived at the hall, they were met with the utmost cordiality by the hospitable ladies in attendance, and by all, and a good lunch was properly served to the hungry visitors before anything was done in the way of projecting speeches and things at them.

Lunch over, the assembled guests and hosts were called to order by Col. H. G. Otis, acting on behalf of the Ohio Union, and three rousing cheers were proposed for and given to the veteran visitors, and three more for Col. A. L. Conger, Commander of the Ohio Department of the Grand Army.

Then a 95-pound watermelon was presented to him—just to convince him that such two-story-and-mansard-roof vegetable structures could be erected in Los Angeles county—a fact which Col. Conger had expressed some doubt about when he was confronted with the statement back at Barstow. The watermelon had been brought into court by the Hutton Brothers, as evidence with which to overthrow the doubting Buckeye, and it accomplished the object "by a large majority." Colonel Conger, in accepting the massive and saccharine *sandilla*, surrendered unconditionally to the ocular evidence of the possibilities of the g. c. and soil of C., and, besides, made a handsome speech expressing in graphic and grateful terms the feelings of himself and comrades toward the people of Los Angeles for the reception tendered by them. Col. Conger was cheered to the echo.

He was followed by ex-Lieutenant-Governor John C. Lee, of Toledo, who made a rousing short speech, which brought down the house and caused Comrade Lee to be forthwith rated as a "rattling good speaker." He, too, handsomely expressed the appreciation of himself and associates of the hospitality of Los Angeles people.

Judge O'Neill, of Lebanon, was then called out, and made a short and telling speech, which was received with applause.

Major Anderson, the "Big Injun" of the Jayhawkers, made a very humorous and enjoyable speech.

He was followed by Rev. F. C. Warner, D. D., of Chattanooga, Tenn., a veteran and a former army chaplain, who made a very eloquent and happy speech, containing thrilling references to the scenes of strife on the bloody fields of the South, through which the embattled Union hosts had marched and fought. He made an earnest plea for the new South, and for the holding of the next National Encampment at Nashville, and retired amid cheers.

Major Lloyd, also of Ohio, and a war veteran, followed in a spirited speech, which was received with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Beeson, by invitation, then sang the Star-Spangled Banner, and sang it well. She was rewarded by the enthusiastic plaudits of the house.

Miss Florence Dunham, being introduced, read a patriotic selection—a battle picture—which was rendered less effective than it otherwise would have been by the confusion prevailing in the closely-packed hall.

A quartette, consisting of Messrs. Fanning, Manning, Wyatt and Pendleton sang a song.

City Attorney McKinley being called upon for a speech, responded briefly and strongly on behalf of Los Angeles and her people. He was well received.

There was more music—and good—from the magnificent Eighth Regiment Band, when Mayor Spence, who had come into the hall, was dragged upon the stand and caused to pour forth his soul in the shape of a speech. He fittingly voiced the sentiments of our citizens touching their visiting guests, and expressed his deep regret that he had not been born an Ohio man, instead of having made an irreparable mistake by originally coming upon this mundane theater of action from the south of France. The Mayor was applauded, and then retired, when Gov. Lee again took the stand, this time by his own request, for the purpose of proposing three of the very biggest kind of Ohio cheers for Los Angeles and her hospitable people, which were given with a will. They were followed by three more, from all throats, for the Union and our modern Christian civilization. The plastering of the hall had, by this time, begun to crack.

Comrade Arbuckle, of Los Angeles, was then introduced, and sang a couple of his solemn songs—one about the "Regular Army, O," and the other about Fraulein Freitchie, of Gettysburg, in the State of Pennsylucky.

It was then announced that the next number on the stirring programme was a circus—a march to the Nadeau House, led by the Eighth Regiment Band, for the purpose of serenading Department Commander Conger and staff. The band filed out of the hall, took position on the street below, and many of the veterans and citizens fell in behind the musicians, when the line of march was taken up to the Nadeau. There patriotic and pleasant airs were discoursed by the band, which took up its position on the Spring street front of the hotel. The first person-ive speech was made by Department Commander Conger, who, after again handsomely returning thanks on behalf of himself and his command for their Southern California reception, went somewhat into the work of the Grand Army, both in the nation and in Ohio. Comrade Conger retired, amidst cheers, to give members of his staff, and other Buckeyes, a chance to be heard.

He was followed by Past Commander-in-Chief John L. Kounis, a maimed and distinguished hero of the war for the preservation of the nation's life, who spoke with force, eloquence and patriotic ardor, reviewing briefly the notable journey of the veterans across the continent, and the happy condition in which they find themselves as they go marching on to the Golden Gate. Comrade Kountz made a good impression upon his interested hearers, and retired with thanks and credit.

He was followed by Judge Commager, another Buckeye, who made a good short speech, and was succeeded by Judge Austin, who did likewise.

Col. D. E. Hunt, inspector on the staff of the Department Commander, and formerly commander of the battle-bruised Twenty-fifth Ohio Volenteers, closed the speaking. Though hoarse from overmuch use of his throat, Col. Hunt uttered a telling little speech, and was warmly applauded.

The band put a finis to a delightful evening's entertainment by executing "Marching Through Georgia," and the day's patriotic work was done.

Throughout the evening, both at Grand Army Hall and the Nadeau, the Eighth Regiment band discoursed elegrant music, which was thoroughly appreciated by the delighted listeners.

INCIDENTS OF THEIR TRIP.

The Ohioans have had a perennial picnic all the way to the coast. At Cincinnati and St. Louis they were received by committees and shown every attention. When they got to Topeka, the Jayhawkers seized them bodily, escorted them to a big tent, held a grand pow-wow, and filled them up with three solid meals before they would let the wanderers go. At Santa Fé the delegation was cordially welcomed by a committee, and taken around to see the sights. There was also a grand ball in the rink in the evening, in honor of the visitors. But the Barstow welcome was what "broke the delegation all up." To come in at 2 o'clock in the morning, after a ride across the desert, and find a layout of watermelons, peaches and other fruits, viands and wines, with hilarious friends to boot, was an astonisher. At San Diego they were met by a reception committee, and very hospitably treated. The ladies were taken to drive over the city, and the gentlemen were also escorted about. The delegation is enthusiastic over its treatment at the hands of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad throughout.

NEW YORK'S SUPERB GIFT.

The Brooklyn Souvenir Committee is here in the special car "Attalie." It is handsomely decorated with flags, and on each side is displayed the following: "Ho for 'Frisco! New York's tribute to the Department of California, G. A. R." E. A. Dubey, the originator and designer of the elegant banner and album which are to be presented to the Department of California, is accompanied on his Pullman palace car by the following comrades and their wives: Comrade Stephen Burroughs, wife and daughter, of Mansfield Post, 35; Comrade Neff, Post 21; Comrade Parmeter, 35; Comrade James Coon and wife, of Merrill, Wis.; Comrade P. C. Maxson, Clear Lake, Wis.; Comrade J. E. Middaugh, Post 261, N. Y.; P. F. Healey and daughter, Brooklyn; Miss Kate Conover, of New Utrecht, L. I.; Dr. Clark, Miss E. Hull, Miss Annie Burns, Brooklyn; Delegate Thos. McNoble, Brooklyn, Post 16; Mrs. E. A. Dubey and daughter.

The banner is 11 feet 6 inches high, by 6 feet 6 inches wide. It is made of satin and plush. On the satin center is embroidered the coat-of-arms of New York and the coat-of-arms of California, with the Grand Army badge between them. The top and bottom are of heavy old-gold silk plush. On this are embroidered 590 ovals, and in these are embroidered the names of every Post in New York. The border is of heavy red banner-silk, with appropriate motto. The whole is carried on a superb white-ash bearer, with gold mountings. The banner is trimmed with heavy bullion fringe, and tassels to match. On the top of the standard is an eagle, bearing in its mouth a miniature banner with the inscription "New York's Tribute to the Department of California." The whole banner is said to be the finest ever made in this country. The album is a mammoth affair, three feet long and two feet wide, has gold edges and three heavy clasps, with the words, "Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty." The binding is of red Russia leather, and has an elegant gold plate suitably engraved. On the first page of the album is a photograph of the banner; next come cabinet photographs of the Department Commander and staff; then of the Past Commanders of New York State; then of all the generals now residing in that State; then of all the New York delegates and alternates to this National Encampment; then of all the Post Commanders; and then a few pages of miscellaneous photographs. Ten pages are reserved for photographs of the officers of the Department of California. Under each photo in the book is engraved the name and rank of the subject. The whole book weighs 140 pounds. The stand was made in Europe, and consists of two large shields, with a sword. On the bottom of the stand rests a helmet, surrounded with warlike insignia. The top of the stand is ebony. On one end of the plush stand-cover is embroidered the word "~~California~~," on the other end, "New York." It took Comrade Dubey five months to complete this beautiful offering.

NOTES.

A box of very fine cut flowers was sent to G. A. R. headquarters yesterday morning, from Orange.

Chairman Dunkelberger states that the San Bernardino people responded nobly when he telegraphed to Postmaster Porter. The committee's supplies had been pretty well exhausted, and the Berdoon people came to the rescue with a liberal supply of fruits and other refreshments.

"Aunt Becky" Young, one of the noted field-nurses of the great war, came in with the Iowa delegation.

The saloon next door to headquarters was permanently closed yesterday.

Benjamin Franklin is the most crippled of the visiting veterans. He lost both legs and arms by freezing, being caught in a blizzard in the far Northwest. What there is left of him is good, and he gets around in lively shape.

Part of the Los Angeles Batiallon went north yesterday, and the rest will follow to-day. The Angel county will be liberally represented at the Encampment.

Senior Vice Department Commander George E. Gard will command the second division in Tuesday's grand parade in San Francisco, with D. W. Field as one of his aids.

The Ladies' General Reception Committee of the G. A. R. visitors, requests all outstanding bills to be sent to Grand Army Headquarters, on Bequena street, Monday morning, between 10 and 12 o'clock, when they will be settled.

A. R. Denker—who has proved a host in himself, and is a worker, not a talker—calls attention to the fact that the old residents have been very liberal in their aid of the reception of Grand Army visitors.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

Full List of Lady Delegates to the Encampment.

Following is a full list of the delegates from the Woman's Relief Corps to the National Encampment, G. A. R. who came here.

DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS.

Mrs. Martha Woolf, Delavan, Woman's Relief Corps No. 35.

DEPARTMENT OF IOWA.

Mrs. Clara E. Nichols, Department President, Des Moines; Mrs. Cornelia Myres, Department S. V. P., Newton; Mrs. A. Young, Des Moines, Jos Hooker Corps No. 36; Mrs. Lou. McConahy, Cedar Rapids, T. Z. Cook Corps No. 11; Mrs. L. Johnson, Fort Dodge, Fort Donelson Corps No. 24; Mrs. M. A. Botkin, Des Moines, Kinman Corps No. 24; Mrs. Sina S. Hooper, Des Moines, Kinman Corps No. 24.

DEPARTMENT OF KANSAS.

Mrs. Margaret B. Wickins, Department President, Sabetha; Mrs. Julia A. Chase, Department Secretary, Hiswatha, Mrs. Jennie B. Slocum, Department Treasurer, Topeka; Mrs. Cora Jacobs, Valley Center, Charles Warren Corps No. 115; Mrs. Mary E. Weiserman, Wichita, Garfield Corps No. 25; Mrs. Emma R. Stewart, Wichita, Garfield Corps No. 25; Mrs. A. J. Ash, Wichita, Garfield Corps No. 25; Miss Addie B. Johnson, Winfield, Winfield Corps No. 29; Mrs. S. A. Price, Paola, McCarlan Corps; Mrs. S. L. Carpenter, Valley Center, Charles E. Warrence Corps No. 29; Mrs. M. E. Stewart, Stockton, Stockton Corps, No. 29; Mrs. Agnes Swank, Fort Scott, William Lytle Corps No. 11; Mrs. J. J. Stewart, Fort Scott, William Lytle Corps No. 11; Mrs. Geo. Meyers, Ft. Scott, Wm. Lytle Corps, No. 11; Mrs. Emily E. Brady, Sabetha, Sabetha Corps, No. 44; Mrs. Sarah M. Collins, Sabetha, Sabetha Corps, No. 44; Mrs. Janette S. Snow, Ottawa, George H. Thomas Corps, No. 13; Mrs. M. L. Horne, Topeka, Lincoln Corps, No. 2; Miss Mamie A. Horne, Topeka, Lincoln Corps, No. 2; Mrs. Bell Ball, Topeka, Rice Corps; Mrs. L. J. Butler, Spring Hill, Gen. Curtis Corps; Mrs. E. A. Willard, Pittsburg, Gen. Russel Corps; Mrs. Laron Lanyon, Pittsburg, Gen. Russel Corps; Miss Edith L. Georgis, Pittsburg, Gen. Russel Corps; Mrs. Elisabeth Houston, Larned, Larned Corps, No. 6; Mrs. Susan Long, Larned, Larned Corps, No. 6.

DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mrs. Amelia Muror, Hyde Park, Timothy Ingram Relief Corps, No. 85; Mrs. Angela N. Scranton, Cambridgeport, Wm. H. Seward Corps, No. 30; Mrs. A. B. Graves, South Boston, Dahlgren Corps, No. 31; Mrs. Sophie J. Schrow, Everett, James A. Perkins Corps, No. 69; Mrs. R. Chase, Charlestown, Abraham Lincoln Corps, No. 29; Miss A. M. Winkley, Charlestown, Abraham Lincoln Aorps, No. 29; Mrs. Thomas N. Haskell, Charlestown, Abraham Lincoln Corps, No. 39; Mrs. Mary E. Robinson, Charlestown, Abraham Lincoln Corps, No. 39; Mrs. Maria N. Murdock, Wakefield, Warren Corps, No. 19.

DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN.

Mrs. Mary E. Hinds, Department President, Stanton; Mrs. O. F. Lookhead, Flint, Governor Ceapo Corps, No. 23; Mrs. Lucinda C. Huff, Hillsdale, C. J. Dickerson Corps, No. 37; Mrs. Emma E. Kinney, Hillsdale, C. J. Dickerson Corps, No. 37; Miss N. C. Hanley, Lansing, C. F. Foster Corps, No. 7; Mrs. Abbie J. Curry, Fenton, Fenton Corps, No. 66; Mrs. D. Norton, Fenton, Fenton Corps, No. 66; Mrs. Augusta Kanitz, Muskegon, Weathermore Corps, No. 36; Mrs. Caroline Ninnemann, Muskegon, Weathermore Corps, No. 36.

DEPARTMENT OF MINNESOTA.

Mrs. M. E. Starkweather, Dept. Pres., St. Paul; Mrs. Anna M. Fisher, Le Sueur, Oliver B. Smith Corps No. 12; Mrs. Lodusky J. Taylor, Le Sueur, Oliver B. Smith Corps No. 12; Mrs. Jessie Patten, Le Sueur, Oliver B. Smith Corps No. 12; Mrs. D. H. Coates, Le Sueur, Oliver B. Smith Corps No. 12.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI.

Mrs. Frances E. Weaver, Kansas City, McPherson Corps No. 10.

DEPARTMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mrs. Rosa W. Kenney, Littleton, Marshal Saunders Corps No 27; Mrs. D. Harry Nute, Farmington, Carlton Corps; Mrs. Sarah A. Gilmes, Hillston Bridge, Senator Gilmes Corps No. 25; Mrs. Ellen P. Clark, Concord, Concord Corps No. 24; Mrs. E. C. Farr, Littleton, Marshal Saunders Corps No. 27; Mrs. James Minot, Concord, E. E. Sturtevant Corps No. 24.

DEPARTMENT OF VERMONT.

Mrs. Fanny W. Parkhurst, St. Johnsbury, Chamberlain Corps No. 4; Mrs. Asenath A. Johnson, West Concord, Woodbury Corps No. 5.

DEPARTMENT OF WISCONSIN.

Mrs. James Coon, Merrill, Lincoln Corps No. 40.

A Poem of the Trip.

The incidents of the trip have been embalmed by a Los Angeles lady in the following verse.

ON A PULLMAN.

Hail! our fellows kindly met,
How can you and I forget
All this life upon the train?
Speeding on towards country lane,
Over prairie, over moor,
Land that's rich and land that's poor;
Past a palace, past a hut,
Over cañons, over rut;
Whirling fast along the way,
Out of dawn deep into day.
Catching noondays splendors well,
Watching shadows down the dell,
Seeing sunsets painted grand
By His gracious, willing hand;
Colors never seen before,
On the curtains o'er His door—
Curtains shutting glory out,
Yet such glory all about;
Bresses bearing to His shrines
Many a message on the winds.
Tender lights adown the sky,
Sing and silence, sob and sigh.
All along our fleeting way,
Dreams to come by night and day;
Curious sights on every side,
Strange, fantastic shapes that bide.
Here and there an ancient mound,
Fragments on historic ground;
Mesas, buttes and hollow caves,
Table lands and some lone graves;
Cañons deep and weird and wide,
Where the glad sun drops no smile;
Where the light of day shuts out
Many a warm gleam thrown about.
Sudden showers that here and there
Leave a freshness in the air,
Rainbows floating in the mist,
Every ray by sunlight kissed;
Such long lingering fringe of light
Creeping down the southern night.
In the hush round everywhere
Incense of the evening prayer.
And when silence wraps the hill—
Ah, how desolate and still
Seem those soulful, solemn nights
Wreathed about by mystic lights.
Voices breaking out in song
As we slowly glide along;
Many a bright word, many a jest,
As we sleep, and eat and rest.
Oft by memory's hearth and glow
Will these pictures come and go,
Mornings on the Pullman car,
Pilgrims traveling, oh, so far!
Passing over leagues of miles
Where the scenery never smiles;
Getting what we can to eat—
Bound some table try to meet;
Hunting for some link that binds
Human nature to its kind.
Bracing up at heat of noon,
Fearing we'll give out too soon;
Catching music in the air,
Kind words spoken everywhere,
Growing sleepy as the night
Wraps in its deeper light,
And its mystery and spell
Gives us thoughts no words can tell.
Thus we glide from day to day,
Cross an alien land and way;
All the hours from dawn's first hush
To the sunset's fire and flush,
Leaving poems in the heart,
Casting shadows as we part;
Tender shadows that shall cling
Round many a spot in happy spring.
And as the hours grow on apace,
Ah, may there stay some tender grace—
Some memory round the day that's done
That shall give light if there's no sun.
May Pullman guests all reappear,
Their faces stand out bright and clear,
And thoughts as dear as treasured gold
Within the heart lie fold on fold.

L. V. N.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

The Unanimous G. A. R. Verdict

Is that the Electric Railway Homestead Association Tract is far ahead of any investment offered in Los Angeles.

An Unquestionable Title,

Elegant improvements, wide streets, no key lots, twenty corner lots, are some of the advantages purchasers will find in the Judson tract. The sale will commence at 10 a. m., August 5th.

Chance to Make Money.

Don't look any further for an investment until you have seen the twelve acres offered by Strong & Blanchard, 39 North Spring street.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

The People Judge for Themselves.

One hundred and sixty lots of the Williamson Tract sold within eighteen days! Lots on every side are now held at $1000 to $1250, and a mile and a quarter beyond they are selling at $1350 per lot!

Nothing Gained by Delay.

All purchasers in the Electric Railway Homestead Association Tract must have the same amount paid in on the day of distribution. No gain by delay.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

Look Quick

For Strong & Blanchard's advertisement of Pauly's subdivision, Boyle Heights. 39 N. Spring street.

Before You Know It,

All those splendid lots in the Electric Railway Homestead Association Tract will be sold.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

To-day! To-day!

Our own carriages to the Williamson Tract at 9½, 11, 1, 3 and 4½ o'clock. View this beautiful property, and secure a lot before they are closed out.

Removed.

The real estate firm of Curtis & Sweetser have moved into a new office in the Baker block, in the same room occupied by the S. P. B. B. ticket office.

The Pride of Los Angeles.

The Longstreet place will preserve entire the superb home place, surrounded by villa lots, 60x190 feet. Nearly forty lots still unsold; only a few days more at present prices. Edward Records & Co., 37 S. Spring street (Childress Bank), and McCoye & Cushman, sole agents.

Before the Advance.

You had better make your investment soon in the Electric Railway Homestead Association Tract, for you will have no notice of the advance in price, till it comes.

Money Invested.

The Southern California Land Company, 203 N. Main street, makes safe and profitable investments in large and small sums.

Invest Now.

In some of those choice lots of the Electric Railway Homestead Association Tract. They are being rapidly taken.

Items Worthy of Note at the People's Store.

We are pushing lawns to-day. Fast color printed lawns, of pretty designs and nice texture, at 3½c; goods really should be sold at 6¼c.

Pushing satines, superior calicos, printed batistes at 6¼c, that should be sold at 10c.

Pushing boys' flannel sailor suits at $1.50, should be sold at $2.50, and you'd think them better.

Pushing children's percale dresses at 25c, should be sold at 75c.

Pushing children's white dresses, very pretty, and embroidered yokes and sleeves, at 40c; should be $1.

Pushing children's turkey red dresses, trimmed with red torchon lace, 60c; very cheap, and children's gingham dresses at 50c. Who'd buy the material and make one for the price?

Pushing ladies' white aprons at 35 and 50c.

Pushing ladies' muslin chemise and drawers at 36c, very nice and neat.

Pushing ladies' chemises, handsomely laced, and embroidered drawers and chemise at 50c, worth 85c.

We are pushing the handsomest line of ladies' and children's underwear at prices that foroid your making them.

Pushing a line of ladies' fancy striped hose at 25c, something entirely new, not seen in this market, full finished and superior make; should be 50c. The same quality at the same price in balbriggan and solid colors.

Pushing the best unlaundried shirt, linen bosom and cuffs, reinforced sides, patent back, 49c; should be 95c; better than any laundried shirt at $1.

Ladies' opera toe slippers 75c, should be $1.25.

Ladies' opera toe bow slippers, extra neat, $1.00.

We are pushing bargains to you in every department. Space prevents each single item being noticed.

PEOPLE'S STORE.

3600 Yards

Of Bates's dress ginghams, in checks and broken plaids, at 6 cents per yard, will be sold on Wednesday, August 4th, as one of the many bargains which will be placed on our counters at this date.

Another will be 25 dozen Eclectic corsets at 60 cents each. These corsets have been extensively advertised as Ball's corsets, at 89c, but we propose to go a step farther and offer them at 60 cents each. The evil attributable to unyielding corsets has been entirely overcome by the introduction of elastic sections composed of a series of fine coiled wire springs, obviating the necessity of throwing away a corset before it is half worn out.

Look at the appended list:

2300 yards Canton flannels at 5c per yard; worth 8c.

700 French piques at 5c per yard; good value at 9c.

10 dozen Bates's bedspreads at $1 each; worth $1.35.

1800 yards satin berber dress goods at 33c per yard; good value at 50c.

40 pairs camping blankets at $2 per pair; worth $3.25.

625 French lustered 36-inch cashmere at 15c per yard; worth 30c.

700 yards Hamilton Bargo dress suitings at 12½c per yard, principally steel colors, and good value at 20c.

275 yards satin checks and broken plaids at 13c per yard; cheap at 20c.

17 dozen gentle man's buck gloves at 50c per pair; cheap at $1.

75 dozen gentleman's hose, in solid colors, at 15c per pair, reduced from 25c.

5 dozen cream and black Spanish ties and fichus to be closed out at cost.

15 dozen embroidered fichus, at 25c. each. Summer neckwear at one-half value.

20 dozen children's and misses' lace collars, chenille dotted, reduced from 50c. to be sold at 25c. each.

Our line of silks will be offered at a greatly reduced rate.

The ginghams at 6c. per yard, reduced from 15c., are displayed for public inspection in our north show window.

For Monday, August 2d, only:

30 dozen gentlemen's laundried white shirts will be sold at 65c. each. These shirts are full reinforced, have fine linen bosoms and bands, and cannot be bought under $1 anywhere. This line for Monday only. Displayed in our south show window. At

J. M. HALE & CO.'S,
J. M. HALE & CO.'S,
7 and 9 Spring Street.
7 and 9 Spring Street,

Wednesday, August 4th.
Wednesday, August 4th.

Calico Suits! Calico Suits!

100 calico suits, full skirts and pleated waists, with belt, will be sold for the low price of $2.50 each, at Mosgrove's, the only cloak and suit house, 21 S. Spring street.

Cambric Suits! Cambric Suits!

75 finely assorted suits, made in the latest Eastern styles, with full backs and high draperies, at the extraordinary low price of $4 50 per suit, at Mosgrove's, 21 S. Spring st.

Calico Wrappers! Calico Wrappers!

100 new patterns in calico wrappers will be offered to morrow at Mosgrove's Cloak and Suit House, at the big bargain of $1 each. 21 S. Spring street.

The New Canvas Walking Suits.

Just received, direct from New York, the new canvass walking suits, in tan, cream, beige pink and plue. The suits should be seen by every lady in Los Angeles, as being the latest novelty of the season. These suits will be offered at the unprecedented bargain of $10 each; former price, $20 a suit. Be sure and see these goods, at Mosgrove's, 21 S. Spring street.

The Plating and Stencil Works,

Recently burned out, are now open for business at No. 426 First street, below Alameda.

Railroad Tickets

Bought, sold and exchanged. Obtain our rates before purchasing. R. J. PRYKE & CO., R. R. Ticket Brokers, No. 230 N. Main St.

If You Want to Buy

Furniture, carpets, etc., cheap go to the Famous Auction and Commission House, 202 South Spring street.

Removed.

The White Sewing Machine Company has removed its headquarters to No. 43 S. Spring street. The White is the best machine in the market. Call and see it.

Taken In.

The boys, Robinson & Beeson, have taken their large stock of fine fruits in off the side walk to accommodate their many customers. It gives more room and better satisfaction. They carry the largest assortment of fruits, berries and choice melons of any house in the city. Just step inside of their store and be convinced.

Passenger Movements.

TO ARRIVE BY STEAMER.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—The following passengers left San Francisco by steamer Santa Rosa to-day for Los Angeles:

Mrs C A Perry, P G Savigan, Miss P J Wright, H H Meany, Mrs C Bumiller, Harry Ferris, G Rose, Miss Alice